

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIENE

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A NUMBER.

The back numbers from July to Dec. free to New Subscribers for '96

THE JANUARY No. CONTAINS:

Hygiene of the Heart. BY THE EDITOR
Cold Feet: Their Cause and Cure.
Large Eaters. BY DR. DIO LEWIS.
Psyche Healing: Schlatter a Case. BY
HESTER M. POOLE.
Notes Concerning Health. BY THE EDITOR.
Hygiene for Women. BY JENNIE CHANDLER.
Topics of the Month. BY THE EDITOR.
The New Year; A Wise Gift; Mr. Frothingham
and his Sunday School; Studying Brains; Studies
Concerning Alcohol and its effects.

DECEMBER No., PARTIAL CONTENTS

Grief a Spiritual Malady: Consolations.
BY FELIX ADLER.
Health and Working Habits of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. BY HERSELF.
Physiological Effects of Anger. BY
HELEN M. MANNING.
Notes Concerning Health. BY THE EDITOR.
The Perfect Man, No. 48, by Dr. T. D. Crother;
Anorexia; Longevity and Labor; Dreams of the
Blind; Diseases Not Transmitted by Heredity;
Light and its Effects on the Mind.

Hygiene for Women, No. 32. BY JENNIE
CHANDLER.
A Dangerous Experiment for Parents.

THE NOVEMBER No. CONTAINS:

The Hygiene of Our Consciousness.
BY HENRY WOOD.
Hygiene of our Eyes, etc.

THE OCTOBER No.:

Vivisection in Schools. BY DR. LEFFINWELL.
Bad Breath—Its Cure. DIO LEWIS.

THE SEPTEMBER No. CONTAINS:

DR. BUCKE'S ESSAY:
Was Walt Whitman Mad? etc.

THE AUGUST No.:
Voice Training and Health.

THE JULY No.:
The Dietic Treatment of Epilepsy.
Hygienic Treatment of Obesity.
Exercise for Consumptives, Etc.

Each No. contains **Notes on Health**,
A Series of Short Papers, **The Perfect Man**
A department entitled **Hygiene for Women**
“ “ “ **Topics of the Month.**

The "Scientific American" says: "The Journal
of Hygiene and Herald of Health' contains more
sensible articles than any journal of its kind."

A PREMIUM WORTH HAVING.

Every new subscriber may, by sending 10 cents
extra, have Dr. Holbrook's work entitled

HYGIENE OF THE BRAIN,

a volume of over 300 pages, and a work in every way
valuable. The retail price of the work in cloth is
\$1.50, but the copy sent will be paper bound.

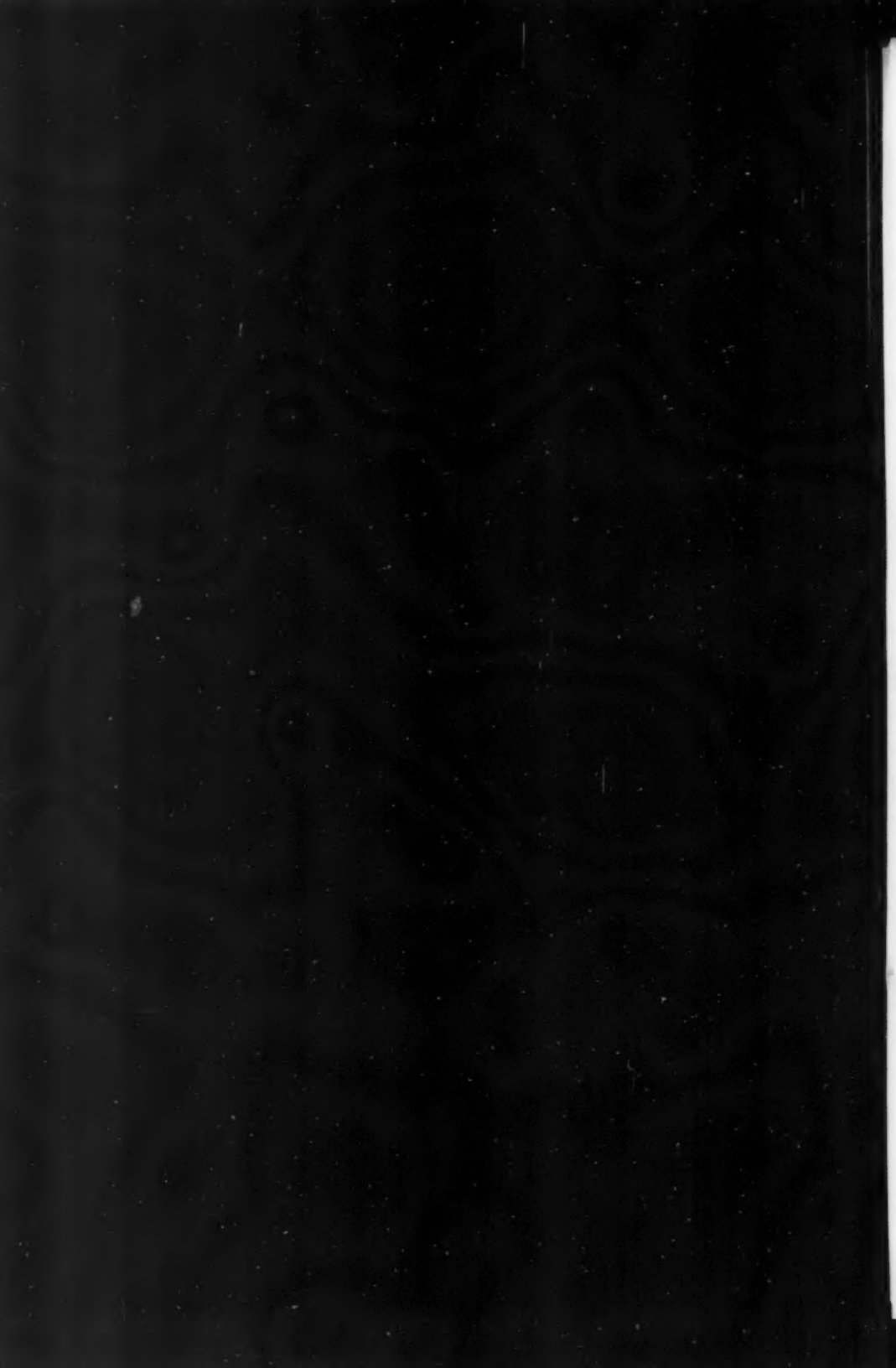
The following books are also published by the same
house:

Eating for Strength.....	\$1 00
Liver Complaint.....	1 00
How to Strengthen the Memory.....	1 00
Advantage of Chastity, paper.....	50
Deep Breathing, or Lung Gymnastics ...	50

All the above to one order, \$4.00.

ADDRESS

Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK, 46 E. 21st St., New York.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume IX.

No. 2694.—February 22, 1896.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCVIII.

CONTENTS.

I. THE REIGN OF THE QUEEN, . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , . . .	451
II. MISER MORGAN. By W. E. Norris, . .	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . .	467
III. "THE WILD WA—A HEAD-HUNTING RACE. By J. George Scott, C.I.E., . .	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review</i> , . .	478
IV. AN OBJECT LESSON IN CHRISTIAN DE- MOCRACY. By Virginia M. Crawford, . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . .	490
V. FURNESS ABBEY, AND ITS STORY. By William Connor Sydney, . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . .	500
VI. THE SEIZURE OF A TURKISH FLAG- SHIP. By Demetrios Bikelas, . . .	<i>Scottish Review</i> , . . .	506
VII. THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERY. By Silvanus P. Thompson, . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . .	511

POETRY.

AFTER LONG MONTHS, . . .	450	"O VANISHED LOVELINESS OF FLOWERS AND FACES," . .	450
"I AM SO SHAKEN BY THESE FEVERS WHITE," . . .	450		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

AFTER LONG MONTHS.

After long months we meet again
 Among the nodding daffodils,
 The light lies low along the plain,
 And over all the purple hills;
 The merry thrush sings out the day
 With bursts of May-time madrigals,
 And, from the freshly budding spray,
 Through opening leaves, the chaff-chaff
 calls.

How different all when last we met
 In dim fields dashed with Autumn rain,
 And watched the last late swallow set
 His wings towards the South again!
 Long time we strove, with voices low,
 And alien lips, light words to speak;
 And was it rain that trembled so
 From those long lashes down your
 cheek?

We parted, as the mists drew down,
 The grey mists, gathering fold on fold,
 And, through the dusk, the little town
 Glimmered, far off, with sparks of gold.
 We watched the lamps wake, one by one,
 Gold stars beneath the starless sky,
 And hand touched hand, and all was done
 'Twixt hearts too full to say good-bye.

And now Spring stands, with sunny smile,
 Over the dead months cold and grey;
 I think we've dreamed a weary while
 And wakened to the perfect day.
 With Winter's snow and Autumn's rain
 The days of lonely life are o'er;
 Forget the parting and the pain
 Since our two hearts have met once
 more.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

Chambers' Journal.

"I AM SO SHAKEN BY THESE FEVERS
 WHITE."

I think the sodden asphalt of the street,
 That knows so well the tramp-tramp of
 my feet,
 Begins to wonder with a dull surmise
 In its brute soul, where trod and crushed
 it lies,
 "What is it that he lingers here to
 meet?"

I think the yellow lamps that flicker there
 So ghostly wan through the damp-choking
 air,
 Must ask themselves, "What makes he
 here, and why,

Where shadows lurk the deepest, should
 he pry
 And peer and start, with such a bloodshot
 stare?"

I think the very houses weary grow
 To hear my heavy footfall dragging slow,
 And through the night must whisper in
 the dark,

"How chill the sleet! . . . Art waking,
 brother? . . . Hark!
 God send the dawn, that he may home-
 ward go!"

In the arched blackness, at the river's
 side,
 I bend to watch it lean a swollen tide
 One moment on the bridge's pier, and
 then
 Crash down a little cataract again,
 And, humming, onward sweep, unchecked
 and wide.

The station-lights make patines on the
 flood
 Of gold and amber; inwards, foam-bells
 stud
 Back-water and eddy, and the dripping
 bank.
 And blowing up the channel, salt and
 dank,
 The night-wind cools the fever in the
 blood.

J. A. NICKLIN.

O vanished loveliness of flowers and
 faces,
 Treasure of hair, and great immortal
 eyes,
 Are there for these no safe and secret
 places?
 And is it true that beauty never dies?
 Soldiers and saints, haughty and lovely
 names,
 Women who set the whole wide world in
 flames,
 Poets who sang their passion to the skies,
 And lovers wild and wise:
 Fought they and prayed for some poor
 flitting gleam,
 Was all they loved and worshipped but a
 dream?
 Is love a lie and fame indeed a breath,
 And is there no sure thing in life—but
 death?
 Or may it be, within that guarded shore,
 He meets her now whom I shall meet no
 more
 Till kind Death fold me 'neath his
 shadowy wing?

R. LE GALLIENNE.

From *The Edinburgh Review*.
THE REIGN OF THE QUEEN.¹

The year which is just commencing promises to be famous in English history. In the course of the ensuing summer her Majesty will complete the fifty-ninth year of her reign; in the course of the following autumn she will have reigned for a longer period than any monarch who has ever occupied the throne of these islands. A reign of nearly sixty years—a period almost covering two generations—is in itself sufficiently remarkable. But the length of the queen's reign, noteworthy as it is, is the least memorable thing about it. In no other sixty years of the world's history—we might almost say in no six hundred years of the world's history—has there been so much moral and material progress as the people of this country have experienced since the queen came to the throne.

Let us try, in the narrow limits of an article, to recapitulate some of the more striking features in this progress; and let us take, in the first instance, the population of our own islands. When the queen came to the throne there were some twenty-six million persons living in the United Kingdom, nearly eighteen million of whom were in Great Britain and eight million of whom were in Ireland. In the middle of the present year there will probably be some thirty-nine million five hundred thousand persons in these islands, of whom thirty-five million will be in Great Britain, and four million five hundred thousand in Ireland. The population of the larger island will have almost doubled, the population of the smaller island will have dwindled to nearly one half its former numbers, in the fifty-nine years of the reign. In such an article as this we naturally desire to avoid any allusion to controversial politics. We shall not, therefore, attempt to consider the causes which

have led, and are still leading, to the gradual reduction in the numbers of the Irish people resident in Ireland. We simply record the fact that, taking the United Kingdom as a whole, there are seventy-five people living now in these islands for every fifty who were alive when the queen came to the throne.

The growth of the people at home, however, sinks into insignificance compared with the expansion of our empire abroad. We too often forget that the thin red line which marks its boundaries on our maps has been constantly extending during the queen's reign. Without reckoning minor acquisitions, in 1843 we subdued Scindh, in 1848 we conquered the Punjab, in 1856 we annexed Oudh, and, in more recent years, we have added Upper Burma and the dependent Shan States to the ever-increasing dominions of the queen. These annexations have increased our Indian empire by some two hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles of territory—an area considerably greater than that of Austria. During the same period we have occupied Aden; we have almost created Hong-Kong; we have undertaken, either directly or indirectly, the administration of Labuan, Sarawak, and considerable portions of North Borneo. We must add another eighty thousand square miles—say a territory as large as Great Britain—on these accounts. In Africa the red line has made even greater advances. When the queen came to the throne, we had some one hundred thousand square miles of South Africa; we have now some three hundred thousand square miles. In other words, we have added to our possessions in South Africa a territory as large as Germany. We believe we are right in saying that the countries administered by the Royal Niger Company and the British East Africa Imperial Company comprise together one million square miles, or a territory one half as large as European Russia. In addition, we are administering Egypt and occupying Cyprus.

A mere recital, however, of the vast additions which have been made to the empire during the queen's reign gives

¹ 1. Reprint of Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom for each of the fifteen years from 1840 to 1854. London: 1870.

2. Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom for each of the last fifteen years, 1880 to 1894. Forty-second number. London: 1895.

only an imperfect idea of its growth. In area, and perhaps in capability, our North American and Australasian colonies are our most important possessions. Together they cover more than six million five hundred thousand square miles, or about one square mile out of every nine square miles of land on the surface of the globe. When the queen came to the throne, Canada had a population of about one million; she has now considerably more than five millions; in 1837 she was seething with rebellion; she is now one of the most loyal provinces of the empire. At that time she was broken up into different colonies, administered under different laws by different governors. Her provinces have now been confederated, and have been placed under one governor-general. In 1837, moreover, chronic difficulties, respecting disputed boundaries, disturbed the relations between Canada and the United States. The line which divides our great colony from the kindred republic has now been laid down for all time.

If we turn from the West to the South, the advance is even more striking. When the queen came to the throne only sixty-seven years had passed since the British flag was first unfurled on the eastern shores of Australia. Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, owes its name to the first Lord Sydney, better known as "Tommy Townshend," the brother of the Charles Townshend whose fatal tea duties provoked the American Rebellion. Few men at that time realized that one brother was giving his name to the future capital of a colony which was ultimately to be developed into a group of colonies as large as those which the other brother had driven into rebellion. The extent, the boundaries, the resources of Australasia were unknown. Swift, indeed, earlier in the century, had given the latitude and longitude of his imaginary Lilliput; and the site which he assigned to Lilliput may be found at the intersection of two lines drawn due west from Sydney and due north from Adelaide, or, in other words, almost in the heart of Australia. Dur-

ing the earlier years of the century Australasia seemed only useful as a penal settlement. Before the queen came to the throne, indeed, a happier beginning had been made. The convicts, who had been originally sent to New South Wales, were gradually giving place to free colonists. Some two thousand white people were already living on the banks of the Swan River in West Australia; South Australia had just been colonized, and its future capital had received its name of Adelaide, after the queen of William IV. Every other step in the progress of Australia was taken in the queen's reign. New Zealand was only settled in 1839, two years after she came to the throne. Victoria, named after the queen herself, as Melbourne, its capital, derived its name from her first prime minister, was only separated from New South Wales in 1851. Queensland—the land of the queen—had a similar origin in 1859.

Yet the facts which have already been stated only constitute a small portion of the history of Australasian progress. In 1837, when the queen came to the throne, there were not probably one hundred and seventy-five thousand white persons, of whom nearly sixty thousand were either convicts or pardoned convicts, in all Australasia. There are now probably more than four million two hundred and fifty thousand persons. Four persons are now living in Australasia for every five persons who were living in the United States at the commencement of the present century. We have seen in the course of a hundred years the United States expand from some five million three hundred thousand to some sixty-five million people. Who shall say whether a similar rate of progress may not be in store for Australasia during the twentieth century?

It is also worth remembering that in 1837 none of the great Australian colonies enjoyed autonomous institutions. It was not till five years after the queen came to the throne that a partial measure of self-government was

conferred on New South Wales. None of the other Australasian colonies received a similar advantage till 1850. Parliament, in conferring these powers, endeavored to prescribe the constitutions which the colonies should receive; but, by a happy accident—for no one seems to have foreseen the consequences of an amendment which was grafted on the original measure—the colonies were empowered to alter their own constitutions. In consequence, our great dependencies, in practice, obtained the elastic institutions which the mother-country has always enjoyed instead of the more rigid constitution which is the heritage of the United States.

Thus, in the fifty-nine years which have elapsed since the queen came to the throne, the British Empire has been steadily growing in size and population. It now embraces an area of eight million five hundred thousand square miles, or, if the subordinate Indian States and the possessions of the African Companies be included, of ten million square miles. It contains a population of some three hundred and fifty million people. Nearly one person out of every four on the earth owes allegiance, directly or indirectly, to the queen. Russia is the only country which can compare with the British Empire in size. Yet its area is larger than that of Russia. China is the only country which can compare with it in population. But it is very doubtful whether China, populous as she is, supports so many people as the British Empire.

The growth of the empire is, however, the least important circumstance connected with its development during the present reign. Far more striking is the manner in which it has been welded together by the great inventions of the age. When the queen was born it was literally true that man could not travel faster than the Pharaohs. She had completed her eleventh year before the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway demonstrated to a previously incredulous public the capacity of steam for the purpose of locomotion.

Up to 1837 Parliament had not authorized the expenditure of more than 55,000,000*l.* on the construction of railways, and probably not one half of that sum had actually been expended. None of the great arterial lines of communication had been completed. Even the London and Birmingham line—the first of the great trunk lines—was not opened till 1838. No line had been constructed, or even contemplated, in any other part of the British Empire. Far-sighted as some of the first railway projectors were, none of them had foreseen the growth of travelling which the new invention was to produce. It was the policy of every railway company to force people into the more expensive carriages; and, though Parliament insisted on one train every working day being run by each railway in both directions, conveying passengers for a penny a mile, the “parliamentary” trains were run at the lowest rates of speed, at the most inconvenient hours, and the “parliamentary” passengers were conveyed in open trucks, frequently without shelter from cold or heat. Even in 1844 a third-class passenger leaving London at 4.30 A.M. did not reach Exeter till 9 P.M. In 1842, five years after the reign had begun, there were only eighteen million passengers. The railways of the United Kingdom have now a mileage of more than twenty thousand miles. Their capital exceeds 1,000,000,000*l.* They convey, without reckoning season-ticket holders, more than nine hundred million passengers a year. More than eight out of every nine of this vast army of passengers travel third class. Almost every train, as a matter of course, conveys third-class passengers. The third-class passengers are carried at a speed, and with a comfort, which first-class passengers could not command in the early days of railway enterprise; and they are carried at fares which in no case exceed, and frequently fall short of, one penny a mile.

Striking as has been the progress of locomotion on land, the advance on the sea has been even more remarkable. The steamship preceded the locomotive.

But the railway was already a fact and a success before steam was applied to any great extent on sea. It was considered impossible to build a steamship which could make a long voyage. Two years before the queen came to the throne the president of the Board of Control declared in the House of Commons that the monsoon blew with so much violence in the Red Sea that no steamer could be built large enough or strong enough to face it. "It was proved by fluxionary calculus," wrote Carlyle, "that steamers could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland." Yet in 1838, the very year which succeeded her Majesty's accession, the *Great Western* and the *Sirius* both crossed the Atlantic; and in 1840 the same minister who had declared it to be impossible to build a steamer capable of facing the monsoon had to acknowledge that steam on the Red Sea had shortened the journey to Bombay to thirty-eight days.

Great as was the progress to which these facts point, it was destined to be eclipsed by the advance of later years.

The *Sirius* took eighteen days on her first passage from Cork to New York. The distance is now completed every week in a little over five. The thirty-eight days journey from London to Bombay has been reduced to fourteen. The *Sirius*, moreover, was a little vessel one hundred and seventy-eight feet in length, of seven hundred tons burden, with the power of three hundred and twenty horses. The *Lucania* and *Campania*, the largest liners of to-day, are six hundred feet in length, have a burden of more than twelve thousand tons, and their engines indicate the power of thirty thousand horses.

Individual instances make an impression on the imagination which is not always produced by large figures. It seemed, therefore, desirable to contrast the *Sirius* of 1838 with the *Lucania* of 1896. But we must not consequently neglect the general result. The whole commercial navy of the nation in 1840 consisted of about twenty-three thousand vessels, with a capacity of

two million eight hundred thousand tons; our steam fleet at that time comprised only seven hundred and seventy vessels, with a capacity of eighty-seven thousand tons. At the end of 1894, the date of the latest return to which we have had access, the commercial navy of the United Kingdom consisted of twenty-one thousand vessels, with a capacity of nearly nine million tons. But the tonnage of the sailing vessels was only three million; the tonnage of the steamers was nearly six million tons. The ten preceding years had reduced the tonnage of the sailing fleet by five hundred thousand, and had increased the capacity of the steam fleet by two million tons. These figures tell only one portion of the story. In 1837 our ships were almost exclusively built of wood. Every vessel of any size is now, as a matter of course, constructed of iron or steel. At the present time it is our boast that our vessels are the finest in the world. In the beginning of the queen's reign they were described as "the most unsightly in Europe, and, what is of far more consequence, they sail badly, and are very unmanageable in bad weather and on a lee shore." We do not wish in any way to underrate the dangers to which our seafaring population are still exposed. But things, in this respect also, are at any rate improved since the queen came to the throne.

Steam has, of course, drawn the various countries of the world into closer communication, and by doing so has strengthened the bonds which unite the various portions of the British Empire. But even steam has hardly done so much in this respect as electricity. It requires an effort of the mind to realize that, when the queen came to the throne, no electric telegraph existed in the United Kingdom. The first experimental wire was erected in the year in which her reign commenced. No cable was laid under the Channel till 1851; the Atlantic cable was not successfully laid till fifteen years later. Since then, the progress of telegraphy has been increasingly rapid. Up to 1870, when the internal

lines were worked by private companies, the charges for a telegram varied with the distance, ranging from 1s. to 2s. in Great Britain, while the messages from Great Britain to Ireland, and from Ireland to Great Britain, cost from 3s. to 6s. each. Telegrams were so costly that they were only used for business purposes, and the masses of the population were unable to avail themselves of this means of communication. On the acquisition of the telegraphs by the State, these varying rates were swept away, and a uniform charge of 1s.—since reduced to 6d.—was made for each telegram of a certain length. In consequence of these reductions, and of other facilities offered to the public, the number of inland messages has risen from ten million to more than seventy million a year. And this vast increase has been effected at a time when a new invention has diverted a large quantity of business from the telegraph to the telephone.

The increased use by the public of the telegraph has, in its turn, led to inventions for increasing the carrying capacity of the wires. In 1870, when the State assumed the control of the business, it was only possible to send one message on one wire at a time, and to telegraph from sixty to eighty words in a minute. By the adoption of the duplex, the quadruplex, and the multiplex systems, it is now practicable to send six messages—three in each direction—on the same wire at the same time; while a speed of six hundred words a minute has been attained, and a speed of four hundred words a minute is usual.

The policy which the State pursued in charging a low and uniform rate for each telegram, irrespective of the distance it was transmitted, logically resulted from the great reform which was introduced into the postal service in the third year of the queen's reign. In 1837, the charges made on each letter varied with the distance it was conveyed. For example, a letter from London to Windsor could not be sent for less than 4d.; a letter from London

to Edinburgh cost 13d. The communications of the country were shrivelled by these charges, and less than one hundred million letters were delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom. In addition to the letters, some seventy million stamped newspapers passed through the post in 1839. The people of this country are now sending nearly three billion postal packets—of which nearly one billion eight hundred million are letters—annually through the post. This enormous increase of correspondence, almost entirely due to the institution of cheap postage, has occurred in a single reign.

The volume of our trade has increased almost as rapidly as the volume of our correspondence. In 1837 the whole value of our exports and imports amounted to about 140,000,000*l.* We have been passing through a period of contracted trade and low prices, which of late years have affected the volume and, still more largely, the value of our trade. Yet, in 1894, our exports and imports exceeded 680,000,000*l.* in value. At the beginning of the reign, moreover, commerce had no opportunity of development. It was fettered and restrained by a tariff which enumerated twelve hundred articles liable to Customs duty. At the present moment, the whole of our Customs revenue is raised from less than a dozen commodities, and

The time *has* come when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames *does* flow for all mankind.

Whether, then, we look at the expansion of our empire, the growth of our population, the rapidity and ease of our communications, or the increase of our trade, we have the same story of constant progress to relate and to repeat. Are, however, the people better off than they were in 1837? Are their lives happier, richer, brighter, than they were then? Have the rich, and have the poor, profited from the tide of progress? These are questions of more moment than even the spread of empire or the increase of population. And we should

leave our purpose unfulfilled if we did not attempt to reply to them.

It is not very easy to give an idea of the wealth of the upper and middle classes at the beginning of the reign. The income tax, which was repealed in 1816, was not reimposed till 1842, and in the interval there was no actual test of the exact amount of incomes liable to taxation. In 1842, when Peel reimposed the income tax, every penny of the impost was found to produce 700,000*l.* a year. The tax has since, of course, been extended to Ireland. On the other hand, many of the smaller incomes have been exempted from its operation. But every penny of the tax now produces 2,250,000*l.* a year. The lesson which may thus be drawn from the income-tax returns can be confirmed by other figures. In 1838, for example, the amount of property on which probate duty was paid was about 50,000,000*l.*; in 1894 it exceeded 164,000,000*l.* While the population of the United Kingdom has increased by some fifty per cent., the wealth of the country is apparently more than threefold greater than it was in 1837.

One class, indeed, has not participated in the general improvement. The rapid extension of communications has made the whole world one market, and commodities can be transported from the distant West or the remoter East almost as easily, and, in many cases, more cheaply, than they can be carried from one part of the United Kingdom to the other. In consequence, the people of this country are no longer dependent for their daily food on the produce of its soil; and their corn, and even their cattle, are brought from distant parts of the world, where other circumstances enable them to be produced at a minimum of cost. The unfortunate British farmer has found it impossible to compete with these distant countries; and the rents of agricultural land have everywhere fallen, while land, in some places, has actually been thrown out of cultivation. We have no desire to overlook the grave difficulties to which the landed classes have of late years been exposed. But

we may remind them that agriculture, at the commencement of the reign, was passing through a period of depression almost as severe as that which it has lately experienced. It was, in fact, the despair of the agricultural classes in those years which furnished Mr. Cobden with some of his most telling arguments for free trade in corn. We may also point out that, though rents have of late years largely fallen, they have not yet reached the level at which they stood in the earlier years of the reign. When the income tax was reimposed, in 1842, land in Great Britain was assessed, under Schedule B, at about 46,000,000*l.* a year. The assessment in 1894 slightly exceeded that sum.¹

These figures seem to indicate a doubt whether even the landlords of England are worse off than they were at the commencement of the reign. It seems tolerably certain, on the contrary, that their rent-roll is as large now as it was then, though they have not shared in the general improvement which has affected every other class in the community. But, whatever conclusions may be drawn from the figures which we have quoted, there can be no doubt that the masses of the people have prospered to an extraordinary degree. It is difficult, indeed, at the present time to realize the miserable condition of the working classes at the commencement of the reign. Those who desire to appreciate it must compare the accounts, which they may derive from official publications, like the Report of the Commission on the Employment of Women and Children, with the striking pictures which great novelists have given us in "Mary Barton," "Sybil," and "Alton Locke." In the earlier years of the reign masses of the people were unemployed, and without prospect of employment. Masses, almost as large, unable to adapt themselves to the novel conditions of labor which the introduction of

¹ Perhaps it is fair to recollect, however, that the assessment has been partly maintained (1) by the reclamation of uncultivated land, and (2) by heavy capital outlay on much land previously under cultivation.

machinery was creating, were vainly endeavoring by the unaided work of their own hands to compete with the steam-engine. From 1839 to 1842 the roll of paupers in England and Wales alone steadily rose from 1,137,000 to 1,429,000 persons. In the last of those years, out of a population of sixteen million, one person in every eleven people was a pauper. At the present time the population of England and Wales has increased to more than thirty million, yet there are only some eight hundred thousand paupers in receipt of relief. The people of England and Wales have nearly doubled their numbers, yet there are only two paupers for every three at the commencement of the reign.

The heavy weight of pauperism was apparently crushing the energies of the nation at the beginning of the reign; but the conditions under which the industrious poor lived were as serious as the constant increase of poverty. In every large manufacturing centre many of the working classes had no homes but cellars. Life in a cellar, horrible as it would be now, was more disastrous then because none of the great towns had any regular system of drainage. In wet weather the filth from the street inevitably ran into the dwelling-rooms of the poor. Other sanitary precautions there were none. The old churchyards, which were surrounded by the tenements of the poorer classes, had not been closed. Interments constantly took place, even in the churches themselves; no steps had been taken in any large city to make the supply of water either adequate or pure. And the poorer classes, and especially their children, could not hope to escape from their vile surroundings. There was no excursion train, no pleasure van, no bicycle, to carry them even for a few hours to green fields or the seaside. The few parks, situated near the homes of the wealthier classes, were reserved for the rich. A man in a laborer's clothes was not allowed to enter St. James's Park.

The lot of the poor, moreover, was aggravated by the conditions of their

labor. It would not be true to say that there were no Factory Acts in existence; but there were no acts of general application, or which regulated the employment either of women or of children. The queen had been on the throne for more than ten years before the legislature saw fit to prohibit the employment of little children, under eight years of age, in a factory, and of young persons, under eighteen, for more than ten hours a day. Even outside the factory the hours of labor were horrible. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," Hood's "Song of the Shirt," the description in "Alton Locke" of the work done for cheap tailors, are well-known protests against "the sweating" which existed, and which was, perhaps, the natural result of the craze for cheap labor, on which the prosperity of the nation was supposed to depend.

It was the inevitable result of their surroundings that the poor were vicious. They had no means of raising themselves from the hopeless conditions of their existence. They had no rational amusements to occupy their few leisure hours. There were no people's palaces, mechanics' institutes, or free libraries. There was even no public bath and washhouse in all London. Some of the cruel sports, which had been their recreation in the days of the Georges, had been put down. Prize-fighting, indeed, was still tolerated; but bull-baiting, ox-driving, and cock-fighting were no longer legal. But nothing had, as yet, taken their place. The public-house was the only refuge for the working-man. According to the late Sir Archibald Alison, one house in every ten in Glasgow in 1838 was a spirit shop.

It was natural that such conditions as those which we have just described should have led to a large increase of crime. In 1837, the first year of the reign, twenty-three thousand six hundred persons were committed for trial in England and Wales. In the fifth year of the reign the committals rose to thirty-one thousand three hundred. In 1893 the number was reduced to twelve thousand three hundred. The popula-

tion had nearly doubled in the interval; the committals had diminished by sixty per cent. It is no doubt true that a change in the law, which has enabled magistrates to deal summarily with offences, which in former days they would have been compelled to send for trial, has had its influence on these statistics. We, therefore, purposely support them with others. According to Sir E. Du Cane, the convict population of Great Britain consisted in 1833—four years before the reign began—of fifty thousand persons. The population literally doubled in the succeeding sixty years, while the convict population was in the same time gradually reduced to 4,345 prisoners, and to perhaps two thousand others on tickets of leave.

The increase of crime at the beginning of the reign was partly attributable to the defective machinery for dealing with it. It is difficult, at the present time, to realize that when the queen came to the throne no effective police force existed in any part of Great Britain except the metropolis. The constabulary forces in Manchester and Birmingham were only constituted in 1839, while in the same year Parliament passed a permissive act enabling the magistrates of any county, if they thought proper to do so, to constitute a local police. While, therefore, poverty was organized against property, property had no effective means of defending itself against the attack. In such circumstances, it was not very surprising that crime increased. The committals, we have already said, exceeded twenty-three thousand six hundred in 1837, and rose in the fifth year of the queen's reign to thirty-one thousand three hundred. Happily, after 1842, the horrible tide again began to ebb, and the committals gradually decreased. But, if we recollect that 1842 was the date at which crime and pauperism both attained their actual maxima, we shall probably be justified in regarding it as the most melancholy year which England has passed through during the nineteenth century.

Crime and pauperism, however, were

not the only results of the miserable conditions in which the masses of the people passed their lives. The lower orders were everywhere seething with discontent, and their leaders were assuring them that their position could only be improved by the concession of political reforms. The great Reform Act had just enfranchised the ten-pound householder; but, as the ordinary working-man could not afford to pay a rent of 10*l.*, it had done nothing for the laboring classes. It was necessary, so it was argued, that the work of 1832 should be completed, and that the franchise should be extended to every adult male. The demands of the working classes were embodied in a document which is still recollected as the People's Charter. It is instructive, at the present time, to remember that the charter was drawn up in the first year of the queen's reign; that the monster petition to the House of Commons, which incorporated its demands, was presented in 1839; that the riot in the Bull Ring at Birmingham, consequent on its rejection, occurred in the same year; and that the rising in South Wales, which resulted in something like a pitched battle at Newport, the last occasion on which two armed bodies have fought on English soil, also took place in 1839.

How different is the England of to-day from the England which we have endeavored to describe! We have already shown how rapid and continuous has been the decrease both of pauperism and crime. But the whole conditions of life are altered. The wages of the industrial poor are higher than they were sixty years ago. The necessities and luxuries of their lives, moreover, are all cheaper than they were at the beginning of the reign. Their food, their clothing, and their fuel are all attainable for a lower price than they were sixty years ago. Petroleum has given them a less costly and better light than they could command at that time. Commodities like soap and sugar have been freed from the taxation which added to their price. The tax on tea has been reduced from 2*s.* to 4*d.* in

the pound. But the advantages which can be illustrated by statistics represent only a portion of the improvement which the working classes have experienced. Legislation has practically prescribed the conditions of their labor; it has prevented the employment of little children; it has regulated the employment of women and young persons; it has drawn up regulations for ensuring the sanitary conditions of factories; it has required dangerous machinery to be fenced; it has even insisted on the inspection of work-rooms which are not factories. Legislation, moreover, has done much more than this. It has forbidden intramural interments; it has closed urban churchyards; it has insisted on every town being properly drained and provided with adequate and wholesome water; it has made provision for the demolition of crowded and unhealthy buildings, and the erection of suitable dwellings for the poor. The efforts of the legislature have been nobly seconded by local effort and private enterprise. Improved workmen's dwellings fitted with proper sanitary conveniences may be found in every large town. Hardly a quarter passes in which the newspapers do not announce the provision of some new park in some populous centre for the recreation of the people. The very graveyards have been made bright and useful by being planted with flowers and furnished with seats. Every well-governed city provides itself with public baths and washhouses, where the poorer classes may clean both themselves and their clothes. The free library is becoming an almost universal institution; while mechanics' institutes, people's palaces, public museums, and picture galleries are being provided, as a matter of course, in populous cities.

While the condition of the laboring classes has been raised by these changes, their power has been increased by the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867. For good or for evil, government has been transferred from the middle classes to the democracy, and the laboring classes have been given a preponderating influence in every elec-

tion. One consequence has resulted from this great change which no one foresaw at the time that it was made. Government by the people for the people, whatever merits it may possess, is a more expensive machine than government by the middle classes. There is a constant desire that the functions of the administrative departments should be enlarged; and members of parliament who used, under the old system, to be regarded as the guardians of the public purse, are now chiefly occupied in suggesting fresh expenditure. On the other hand, the advantages which have resulted from an extended franchise are obvious. Chartism has died; reform associations have perished from having nothing to do. There is no danger of a fresh march upon Newport, or even of a new upheaval of the railings of Hyde Park. Universal content has succeeded universal agitation. Politicians on either side of the House may demand "one man, one vote;" or "one vote, one value;" but the masses of the nation realize that such changes as these are comparatively unimportant, and that the decisive steps were taken when power was conferred on the town householder in 1832, and extended to the county householder in 1867.

There can, too, be little doubt that an extended franchise has proved at once a great popular educator, and has stimulated the demand for popular education. The history of public education only commences in the present reign. It is true, indeed, that, for many years before the queen came to the throne, two great societies, one representing the Church and the other the Nonconforming bodies, had done much to promote the erection of schools. But the first annual grant made by the State for the purpose of promoting education only dates from 1839. The little dole of 30,000*l.* a year, the fraction of the revenue of a single day, which was first meted out in that year, was destined like the grain of mustard seed to overspread the land. It was the beginning of a vast policy, which culminated in the act of 1870, and which was crowned in our own time by the

grant of free education. The grant of 30,000*l.* a year has gradually swelled into an annual expenditure by the State of nearly 9,000,000*l.*

In the same period other steps have been taken which have done much to promote the cause of education. The governing bodies of our great endowed schools have been made more popular. The funds of overgrown or obsolete charities have been applied to middle-class education; schools of science and art have been provided in almost every large town; the universities have been opened to all classes of the people, irrespective of their creed; while the ranks of the Civil Service both in India and at home have been thrown open to the successful candidates at competitive examinations.

In enumerating the victories which education has achieved during the reign, we have no desire to ignore the arguments which are occasionally employed on the other side. We quite admit that the knowledge which the ordinary child requires in an elementary school is not very great, or always very serviceable to him; and that the lad who had served his apprenticeship under the old system was, in some respects, better qualified as a workman than the boy who has passed through the sixth or seventh standard under the new one. Our educational system will undoubtedly be imperfect till elementary education is everywhere supplemented with technical education. But, in the first place, we are already making progress in this direction; and, in the next place, the mere fact that a system is not complete is no proof that, as far as it goes, it is not advantageous. We have secured, during the present reign, a system under which every child in the kingdom obtains the opportunity of acquiring some training in such elementary subjects as reading, writing, and the simpler rules of arithmetic. The advantages of this system must be apparent to every one. To give a striking illustration of it. If George Stephenson had learned to read as a boy, it is quite conceivable that the invention of the locomotive engine

might have taken place five or six years before it actually occurred.

Important, however, as are the direct results of education to a people, we are among those who think that the indirect results are even more valuable. Who can exaggerate the influence of a clean, well-arranged, and well-conducted school? The child taken from the street, which is too often its only playground, and subjected to the improved conditions of a well-appointed class-room, is not merely learning to read and write. It is concurrently acquiring new ideas of the worth of cleanliness, order, and comfort which unhappily are rarely obtainable in its humble home. And these ideas are not only assimilated by the children, they are carried to their parents. Those who have had the opportunity of watching the gradual development of a large school in a poor neighborhood will, we believe, support our own testimony that the children, year after year, attend not only more regularly and more punctually, but are also more cleanly and tidily dressed. If no other result than this ensued from our system of elementary education, we are not sure that it would not be worth the money which it costs.

The advantages of education do not, however, rest solely on such arguments as those which we have hitherto employed. It is a remarkable fact that almost every step which has hitherto been taken in the direction of extending our educational system has been followed by a decrease both in pauperism and in crime. The figures are so remarkable that we add them in a note.¹

¹ In 1840, the year which succeeded the first grant, the population of England and Wales was, in round numbers, 15,700,000, the committals exceeded 27,000, the paupers numbered 1,195,000. In 1850, the population had risen to nearly 17,800,000; some 1,800 schools were under inspection, which were on an average attended by nearly 200,000 children; the pauper roll in the mean while had declined to 920,000; the committals had decreased to 26,800. In 1860 the population had increased to 20,000,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 850,000, the committals to almost exactly 16,000; but the average attendance of children in inspected schools had risen to 750,000. In 1870 the population had increased to 22,500,000; the pauper roll had risen to 1,080,000, the committals to 17,500, the

We are far from saying that *post hoc* is necessarily *propter hoc*. On the contrary, the whole tenor of this article will show that we are alive to the many influences which have co-operated for good during the present reign. But, among all these, we believe the most potent have been the increased care and thought which have been bestowed upon the children growing up around us.

In writing as we have done we do not wish to be understood as claiming that the work of moral and material progress has wholly taken place during the reign of the queen. On the contrary, the advance had already commenced before she came to the throne. The foundations of our extended empire were laid in the century and by the generations which won the battles of Quebec in one hemisphere and of Plassey in the other, which first raised the flag of England on the shores of Australia, and which took the Cape of Good Hope. The victory of popular government was secured by the men who, through good report and ill report, advocated the claims of parliamentary reform in the reign of George IV., and carried the great Reform Act in the reign of William IV. And the cause of moral progress owes much to the statesmen and writers who, during the same period, were advocating education, were prohibiting cruel sports, were establishing a police force in London, and were encouraging the formation of museums and picture galleries, and the spread of wholesome literature among the people.

children at school to 1,255,000. 1870 was, of course, the year in which elementary education was made compulsory. In 1889 the population had risen to 25,480,000, the children at school to 2,750,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 837,000, the committals to 14,770. In 1890, to complete the picture, the population had risen to 28,760,000, the children at school to 3,700,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 787,000, the committals to 12,000. In 1850, in short, one child out of every eighty-nine people was at school, but one person out of every twenty was a pauper, and one out of every seven hundred was a criminal. In 1890 one child out of every eight people was at school; but only one person out of every thirty-six was a pauper, and only one person out of every 2,400 was committed for trial.

The late Mr. Porter, indeed, writing soon after the commencement of the reign, brought forward strong evidence to show that the manners of the people were already improving, and that drunkenness especially was less common than it had been in previous generations. But, though in many respects improvement had begun before the accession of the queen, we claim that it has advanced with exceptional rapidity during the fifty-nine years of her reign; and that there is no other period of our history in which the material comfort and the moral progress of the masses of our people have shown a similar advance.

In dwelling, however, on the satisfactory results of the last sixty years, we must not be supposed to ignore the many social difficulties which have still to be overcome. Unhappily it is still true that we pay too little attention to the great mass of pauperism which weighs down the industry of the nation, and that we reflect too seldom on the melancholy fact that, with tens of thousands of the industrious poor, the workhouse is still the only refuge for old age. We are too callous to the conditions in which thousands of our fellow-creatures live within a short distance of our own comfortable homes; to the wretchedly defective tenements, to the horrible overcrowding which the rise in rents has occasioned, and to the long hours of labor to which the poor are forced to submit for the sake of making life, not pleasant, but possible. But, while we do not ignore any of these evils, we are consoled by the reflection that they are tending to diminish in gravity; and our sense of the improvement which a single reign has witnessed, and which we have endeavored to emphasize in this article, encourages us to hope that the nation, as a nation, is working in the right direction, and that, with patience and perseverance, the evils which still remain may in time also disappear.

We have ourselves the more faith in the future because we believe that the reign, which has been so remarkable for the moral and material progress of

the people, has been equally remarkable for a revolution in sentiment. When the queen came to the throne political economy was influencing all classes. It was little short of treason to question the principles which Adam Smith had laid down, and which Mill and the Westminster reviewers were extending. Self-interest was supposed to be the power which was moving mankind, and the idea that any considerable number of persons could work for any objects except their own was scouted as ridiculous. At the present time we have rushed into the other extreme. Political economy has been relegated to the planets. The legislature, instead of leaving every one to make his own bargains, interferes between landlords and tenants, between employers and employed. Instead of bowing down before the image of cheap labor, which the followers of the economists erected, it poses as a model employer, and inserts, as a matter of course, a fair wages clause in every contract. The change of opinion which is affecting the legislature is also permeating society. Rich men are building improved cottages on their estates, facilitating the erection of dwelling-houses for the poorer classes on their town properties, and bestowing parks, pictures, and public museums on the people. The same spirit influences all classes. There is a growing disposition to work for the poor and among the poor. We have even invented the barbarous word "altruism" to emphasize our protests against the doctrines of the economists. In all of this there may be exaggeration and misconception. We cannot afford to disregard the lessons of political economy because we have discovered that human nature may be influenced by other motives than those which the economists assumed to be all-pervading. But we may at least hope that the increasing sympathy between class and class, which has grown with the reign, has reduced, and will continue to reduce, the evils which were so prevalent some sixty years ago, when the reign began.

One criticism, however, is occasionally applied to our modern civilization

which we ought perhaps to notice before we conclude this article. It is, in effect, said: No doubt the range of comfort is extended; the lower classes are better off than they were before; they are better housed, better fed, better clothed, and better educated than their forefathers; their hours of labor are less severe; their opportunities for healthy recreation are greater. But, it is argued, in levelling up the masses of the nation you have not succeeded in improving the condition of the classes above them. On the contrary, exposed as they are to an ever-increasing competition, their position is worse than it was before. You have placed everything too much on the same level, and in doing so have robbed life of much of its charm: Every one is so much occupied with the duties of living that he has no time or means to spare for its beauties. In the days of our grandsires rich men formed galleries and libraries: in our own days they sell their pictures and their books. It is true, indeed, that you have national collections where men may still admire the great works of art, or study the great works of intellect, just as you have free libraries, to which people resort to borrow the latest novel, and save themselves the expense of subscribing to Mr. Mudie, or of buying the book from a bookseller. But public institutions of this kind cannot wholly replace the private collections. The latter, in their way, formed centres of refinement and culture for classes whom the public gallery and library do not touch. In other words, in affording fresh opportunities for the masses you have diminished the advantages of the higher orders. And the consequence, it is asserted, may be traced both in literature and in art. There are more people in the world who can work up to a good standard than there were ever before. But the man who was eminent above all his fellows has disappeared. We have no Gibbon, no Keats, no Scott, no Reynolds, no Gainsborough. It is eminence, however, and not mediocrity, which makes a race immortal; and even material and moral

prosperity may be purchased at too dear a price if the great men of our age are submerged under a sea of ever-increasing mediocrity.

We are not sure that we entirely agree with the main argument which we have endeavored to set out in the foregoing paragraph. If it be true that the moral and material welfare of the masses of the nation can only be obtained by making it more difficult for the man of intellect to make his mark on the age, the interests of the many must, we fear, prevail over the requirements of the few; and we must content ourselves as best we can with securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But is it true that the levelling up of the masses inevitably leads to the levelling down of genius? It is difficult to believe that the one result inevitably follows the other. Those who think so seem to rest their case on an assumption which can be shown to be erroneous. They apparently imagine that the men who make their mark on the world of thought, of literature, of science, of art, of affairs, are necessarily drawn from the classes who command culture and leisure. But, as a matter of fact, the reverse is frequently, perhaps usually, the case. The men who have risen to the highest eminence have commonly begun life low down the ladder, or at the bottom of the scale. Such men, instead of being hindered in their progress upwards by the universal improvement in the condition of the lower orders, begin their career amidst more encouraging surroundings than at any other period of the world's history. Whittier was, after all, it may be urged, right when he declared:—

Press on! the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws.
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cottier and the crown,
Sweetening worn labor's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Is it true, however, that the nation is ceasing to produce great men? Is the

reign of the queen destined to survive in history as a period of material progress, but of intellectual mediocrity? Do the leaders in peace, in war, in literature, in science, and in art, whom the reign has produced, compare unfavorably with those who have preceded them in previous centuries? Is the English race, like the old oak, beginning to die at the top? Is the wealth of verdure with which its lower branches are luxuriant exhausting the whole of its sap? Has it nothing left to nourish the higher leaves, which in a previous generation were the nearest to heaven?

No question is more difficult to answer than that which we have thus propounded; for no person, however good a critic he may be, is a competent judge of his own contemporaries. The contemporary critic, in fact, is too much influenced by his environment to distinguish readily between work which has merely hit the fancy or the need of the hour and the more durable productions which will reach posterity. The men who made the most impression on our ancestors are not always or usually those whom we most admire. Even Shakespeare did not obtain his undisputed eminence for a hundred years after his death; while, on the other hand, an historian like Hume, whom we can ourselves recollect esteemed as the first writer on English history, is now completely neglected for newer authors, who have pursued more thorough methods. The only certain test of a man's immortality is his survival, and that is precisely the test which his own generation can never apply.

Moreover, the contemporary critic is apt to forget how very rare the great men are. Like the reader of the newspaper who complains that there is no news, because nothing of decisive importance happens to have occurred in the preceding twenty-four hours, he laments that there is no great picture in this year's Academy or no great book in the latest library catalogue. He forgets that the really great works in art and literature have only appeared at

distant intervals, and that it is unreasonable to expect that they should now, for the first time in the world's history, be produced with the regularity with which Nature supplies us with the fruits of the earth.

It is also too frequently forgotten that each age produces its own type of greatness. Dante, Giotto, Raphael, and our own Milton all represent different epochs of religious thought. The works which those men did could only have been done in the atmosphere in which they lived, and amidst the ideas to which they gave expression. It does not follow that other men in other ages may not have produced work equally great because they failed to produce equally great work of the same kind. The age of the Tudors was intellectually superior to that of the Plantagenets, yet we owe to the Plantagenets cathedrals with which no Tudor building can be compared. And in the same way it does not follow that the age of Victoria is intellectually inferior to the reign of George III. because England may not have happened to produce in our own time a Reynolds or a Byron.

In complaining, moreover, of the absence of intellectual eminence in our own time, we too often forget how similar complaints might have been made by former generations. Let us, for example, carry our memories back some ninety years in our history to the beginning of 1807. England, at that time, engaged in the hardest struggle which she has ever passed through, was in sore need of great men. Yet the contemporary observer might have lamented, with reason, the absence of intellectual eminence. Burke was dead; the death of Pitt had been followed by the death of Fox; the Duke of Portland was slumbering in the post which Pitt had occupied; Mr. Ponsonby was leading an opposition which had been animated by Fox's eloquence. With Nelson the last and greatest of our fighting admirals had been carried to the grave. If we had no one fit to succeed him in the command of our fleets, we had not a third-rate general to entrust with the command of our

armies. The Duke of York was commander-in-chief, and such men as Sir Hew Dalrymple and the second Lord Chatham were about to command our armies abroad. In literature and art our needs were even greater. The contemporary critic might have fairly complained that we had no great artist, no great poet, no great historian, no great novelist. West was presiding over the Academy which Reynolds had adorned; since the death of Burns, Crabbe and Southey had been the popular poets of the day; the mantle of Gibbon had fallen on the shoulders of Mitford; and, though Miss Austen was already writing, she had not published a single novel. Yet we look back to 1807 now with feelings of envy. We remember that, in that year, Lord Grey was asserting the principles which triumphed in 1832; that Canning was just entering the Foreign Office; that Palmerston was being elected to Parliament, and that Peel was concluding his career at Oxford. When the need came, men like Lord Dundonald and Lord Exmouth showed that we had still sailors fit to command our fleets; a civil office in the administration was filled by the general who was to bring the great war to a conclusion by his strategy in Spain, and his tactics at Waterloo. In art, if West presided over the Academy, Turner was just becoming famous. In literature Wordsworth, neglected by his contemporaries, was publishing the poems which were to be declared immortal by posterity. Byron was writing his first verse. Shelley was passing through his uncongenial education. Scott, who had already published the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," was engaged on "Marmion," while, a few years later, the publication of "Waverley" was to introduce the English-reading world to the greatest novelist of the language.

While, then, any one alive in 1807 would have been justified in saying that the country, in the hour of its greatest need, was incapable of producing great men, we know now that the period was one in which intellectual eminence was specially noteworthy, and that in war

and in statesmanship, in letters and in the arts, England possessed men whose exploits and whose writings will apparently endure as long as English history is remembered or English literature is read. The great men were there, but they were undiscovered, or had done nothing to make themselves discovered by their contemporaries.

If, however, in such a period as 1807, men of culture and prominence failed to appreciate the work of some of their contemporaries, and were wholly unconscious of the abilities of the still greater men who were maturing their powers in their midst, is it not a fair presumption that we too may be similarly blind, and that we may be unable to recognize eminence which may be visible enough to posterity? Is it, however, the case that intellectual eminence is so rare, or has been so rare, during the present reign? To test this let us enumerate a few of the works which great men have given us in the present reign, and we will take the arts first, because there we are on the weakest ground. And first as to architecture. Confining ourselves to London alone, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that great parts of the metropolis have been rebuilt during the present reign. The home of the legislature may not be free from faults, but it is hardly fair to say that the reign which has given us the Houses of Parliament has produced no great building. But much of the improvement in the aspect of modern London has been effected by private enterprise. Of one great landlord in particular we may venture to parody the old epigram, and to say that he found his estate of stucco and is leaving it of brick. But the architects of the present age are not the builders of houses, but the bridge-makers and the engineers. The creation of the Thames Embankment did probably more to promote the convenience, the beauty, and the health of London than any other work in any other age. The bridges which span the Thames in its course through the metropolis have all, with the exception of three, been erected since the queen came to the throne. A

race cannot be entirely effete which has produced such works as these.

We write with even greater diffidence on the sister arts. Undoubtedly the student who visits the Royal Academy is oppressed when he compares the works which hang upon its walls with the pictures painted in other times, which he is never tired of gazing upon. But he forgets that he is comparing two entirely different things. In the one case he is inspecting some thousands of works, the production of scores of artists of unequal capacity, while in the other case he is dwelling on the *chefs d'œuvre* of each generation, or possibly of each year. Suppose it were possible to select the fifty best works of art which have been exhibited in London during the last fifty years, and hang them, say, in a separate room in the National Gallery, is it certain that they would compare so unfavorably with the masterpieces of previous ages? Before we can form a fair estimate of the true worth of our own time we must, in short, disembarass our minds of any impression which we may derive from the mediocrity of the many, and confine our attention to the superiority of the select few.

The same thing is true of the literature of the reign. A period which has given us a Macaulay, a Hallam, a Grote, and a Froude—we purposely omit the names of living writers—has, at any rate, done something for history. Generations which have produced a Thackeray, a Charlotte Brontë, a George Eliot, and a Dickens have, equally certainly, added to the masterpieces of fiction. A reign in which Wordsworth died, and in which Tennyson wrote, is not likely to be forgotten in any history of English poetry. Poets are the prophets of each age. They express the highest thoughts of the generations in which they live and work. Judged by this test, at any rate, Tennyson at once rises to the highest standard, since he was essentially an interpreter of the thoughts which were occupying the best and highest minds among us.

Possibly, indeed, this last reflection

leads us to one of the causes which induce us to underrate our own times. The age in which we live is not an age of fancy, but of thought. It is a practical, not an imaginative, period we are passing through. Its great men are its inventors and engineers, who are triumphing over the forces of nature, or its observers and investigators, who are expounding the laws of nature. The former have covered both seas and lands with works of their hands and brains, which would have been deemed impossible fifty years ago; the latter have solved problems which their predecessors declared to be insoluble. The invention of the spectroscope has enabled the astronomer to analyze the composition of the sun, and to watch the movements of the distant star; geology has been almost reconstructed; biology has been created since the queen came to the throne; and chemistry, which apparently is destined to furnish greater revelations than any other science, has attained dimensions and achieved successes which in 1837 would have been regarded as impossible.

These discoveries have made a profound impression on the thought of the nation. They have, in fact, produced an intellectual revolution almost as striking as the Reformation itself. They have vindicated the right of inquiry; and mankind at the present day, instead of unconsciously acting on Tacitus's apophthegm, "*Sanctius ac reverentius visum de actis deorum credere quam scire*," asks, with Milton, "Can it be sin to know?"

The progress of free thought, however, which has been one of the remarkable results of the reign, has not been followed by any decline in religious fervor. When the queen came to the throne the Oxford Movement was in its infancy. Whatever opinion may be formed of the views of those who inspired the famous "Tracts for the Times," there can be no doubt that they were successful in imparting fresh activity to the Church. Notwithstanding the growing scepticism of an increasing minority, and the indifferentism to religious subjects which

is felt by large classes of the people, the Church and other religious bodies have never worked with greater zeal than during the present reign. More money has been raised for church building, church extension, church endowment, and missionary effort, both at home and abroad, than at any previous period of our history. The zeal which churchmen have thus displayed has been fully shared both by the Roman Catholics on the one side, and by the Nonconformists on the other. It has penetrated to the lower sections of the population; and, much as many of us may disapprove the machinery and the methods of the revival meetings which Messrs. Moody and Sankey originated some twenty years ago, or of the Salvation Army in our own time, the efforts which have thus been made prove how widely and how deeply the religious spirit has affected large classes of the population.

We have thus endeavored in a few pages to sum up the results of a reign which in nine months' time will have extended over the longest period during which any sovereign has ruled in England. We have shown that the population of the United Kingdom has increased, that the bounds of the British Empire have been extended, that the inventions of the age have drawn its distant provinces into closer communication, that improved communications have largely increased our trade, that our wealth has in consequence grown by leaps and bounds, and that all classes of the population are better off than they were when the queen came to the throne. We have endeavored also to show that material prosperity has been accompanied by moral progress; that the life of our people is, on the whole, more healthy than it was fifty years ago, that their homes are brighter, the conditions of toil easier, and their opportunities for sensible recreation greater. Partly from these causes, partly from the spread of education and other influences, we have further shown that crime has rapidly decreased, and that, in this respect at any rate, there can be no

comparison between the England of to-day and the England of 1837, when the queen came to the throne.

In conclusion, we have endeavored to show that there is no proof that, in levelling up the masses, we have levelled down genius. We have, on the contrary, argued that, though genius may be devoting itself to new pursuits or new inquiries, there is no evidence of any decay in our intellectual growth; and that an age which has done more to dominate nature, and to explain nature, than all the preceding centuries, cannot rightly be charged with inferiority of intellect.

In writing as we have written, we are aware that our conclusions differ widely from those of other authors. An English historian has lately endeavored to persuade us that the reign of the white races is passing away, and that they must inevitably succumb to the yellow races of the world; a German philosopher has, still more recently, explained to us many marks of degeneration which are to be found in modern civilization. We reply that the experience of history is a better guide than the speculations of the ablest minds; that the history of the preceding sixty years is a history of progress, not of decline; and that, unless it can be shown—as we believe it cannot—that this progress has been sensibly checked, we have a right to assume that it is still continuing.

One word we ought to add in justice to the queen, the results of whose reign we have endeavored to summarize. It has been her good fortune to preside over the destinies of the greatest empire in the world, during a period of unprecedented length and of equally unprecedented progress. But, if her reign has been made illustrious by the vigor of her subjects, they should, in their turn, recollect how much they owe to the conduct of their queen. She has, in the first place, made the monarchy itself secure by displaying—as no other sovereign has ever displayed—a capacity of adapting herself to the requirements of parliamentary government. She has freed the throne from every

suspicion of connection with party politics. The example of her private life has been as beneficial as her public conduct. The atmosphere of her court has given tone to society and has, in consequence, powerfully promoted that moral progress which we believe to be one of the chief glories of her reign. And so, when the spring ripens into the summer, and the queen enters on the sixtieth year of her reign, or when the summer wanes into the autumn, and the reign is extended over a longer period than that during which any other British sovereign has ruled, the Englishman who thinks over the achievements of the last sixty years, and on the conduct of the crown, may find a new reason for saying "God save the queen."

From Longman's Magazine.
MISER MORGAN.

"It's an inexcusable thing, I know," said Lord St. Ronan, "to dine with a man and then take advantage of his hospitality to pester him for a cheque; but then again, you see, if one don't ask, one don't get, and unless a few more subscribers come forward to help us out with the funds of the institution that I was telling you about, I do believe we shall have to wind up the whole concern. So I'm venturing to appeal to one or two rich men, like yourself, Denison—"

"Mercy upon us!" interrupted the entertainer of this eminent and philanthropic nobleman; "is it possible that your heart and your conscience allow you to sit smiling there and call me a rich man? My dear fellow, I have the deepest sympathy with Abandoned Orphans and Destitute Cats, and all the other subjects of your generous benevolence; but you might bear in mind that I myself am a landowner and a member of Parliament. Surely that is tantamount to saying that my account is always and inevitably overdrawn! Now, just behind you, if you will screw your head round for a moment, you will see a man who really

is rich. Why not give him a chance to save his soul, instead of applying to the victim of pitiless tenants and constituents?"

The dining-room of the club in which the above colloquy took place was invariably graced at that hour of the day by the presence of the elderly gentleman at whom Lord St. Ronan hastened to throw an eager, inquiring glance; but his lordship's countenance fell as soon as he recognized the solitary diner.

"Oh, I'm afraid that's no use," said he despondently; "isn't that the fellow whom you call Miser Morgan? I remember being introduced to him on one occasion and asking him for a small donation to the Open Spaces Society. He was very rude indeed; he said he would see me and the society dismissed into infinite space first."

"And you allowed yourself to be discouraged by such a mild little rebuff as that? Dear me! My experience of you would have led me to give you credit for being a more sturdy beggar. Now, I'll tell you what, St. Ronan; if you can manage to extract ten pounds from Morgan to-night, I'll give you a fiver to add to it. There's a fair offer for you."

"It's an uncommonly safe offer, or you wouldn't make it," growled the philanthropist. "Well, one can but try; it will be a grand triumph for me if I succeed."

"And you have such a persuasive way with you."

Lord St. Ronan caressed his bushy beard. He flattered himself that he *had* rather a persuasive manner, and the bagging of subscriptions meant to him what the bagging of driven grouse or rocketing pheasants meant to his companion.

"I'll tackle your Morgan in the smoking-room presently," he said. "I suppose we shall find him there after dinner?"

"Nothing can be more certain—old Morgan's habits are as regular as the clock. Dinner every evening at eight; one cigar, which with careful management can be made to last him till half past ten; then home to his rooms, where

I expect he counts his gold till bedtime. But there'll be no sleep for him to-night, poor chap! because of course he'll be ten pounds short."

Neither by ten pounds, ten shillings, nor even ten pence, however, was the tale of Mr. Morgan's wealth likely to be incomplete; and Mr. Denison, feeling very confident of that, finished his dinner in peace.

Meanwhile, the subject of his rather unflattering remarks had astounded the waiter by doing an absolutely unprecedented thing. He had ordered a glass of the club port (price sixpence, no less) with the dry biscuit which represented his dessert, and now, leaning back in his chair, he was slowly sipping that generous fluid while he gazed out of the window at the passers-by in darkening Pall Mall. He was a small and very spare man, whose clean-shaven face and strongly marked features had earned for him the sobriquet of Beauty Morgan somewhere about the period of the Crimean war. But that was long ago, and he had since acquired the less complimentary and more appropriate nickname which serves as title to this brief sketch. No more was he remembered in the Guards; the old friends whom he had formerly entertained so hospitably at his old place in Surrey were for the most part dead and gone; the place itself had been let for many years, and if its owner was not ruined he chose to pretend that he was so. He set down his glass, with a sigh which might have expressed either satisfaction or regret, and betook himself to the smoking-room, where he caused another club servant to start visibly by selecting a shilling cigar.

But this was nothing to what happened when Lord St. Ronan strolled up to claim acquaintance with him and said, with serene audacity, "Now, Mr. Morgan, I want ten sovereigns out of you, please. You can't offer me less. Just run your eye over this list and you'll see that we are all putting our best foot foremost, though we are most of us already subscribers—which you are not."

The little old man took the paper

handed to him and adjusted his *pince-nez*, while a faint smile flickered over his thin lips.

"A very excellent object," he muttered; "I am glad to be able to contribute something towards its support. I believe I have a couple of five-pound notes in my pocket; so you can write 'paid' against my name."

It was in this most unexpected way that poor Mr. Denison became an involuntary benefactor to persons who had no sort of claim upon him, while a rumor speedily gained ground that old Miser Morgan was either about to die or had gone off his head.

But Mr. Morgan's head remained in its customary condition of shrewd capability upon his shoulders, and he hoped that he was not going to die yet awhile. Not, at least, until Dick should have had time to get home from South Africa. It had been absurd and childish, of course, to take that well-meaning idiot St. Ronan's breath away by letting him have ten pounds for the asking; but when one has scraped and saved for half a lifetime, when one has submitted without a murmur to universal contempt and obloquy, and when the last of those accursed mortgages has just been paid off, one is surely entitled, for once, to taste again the half-forgotten pleasure of playing the fool with one's ready cash. Yes; the last of the mortgages had been paid off, and the lease was out, and Mr. Morgan might, if it so pleased him, return forthwith to Ridge End, there to end his days, as he had begun them, in the enjoyment of a fine old house and a sufficient income. But habit, which reconciles us to everything, deprives us also of certain capacities for enjoyment, and it was not on his own account that this dogged and slightly narrow-minded old fellow was now rubbing his hands. London lodgings and the club were good enough for him; for close upon a quarter of a century he had neither mounted a horse nor fired a gun; it would be out of the question for him to revert to the tastes of a country squire. But he said to himself that he would live again in the person of his son, who

was young, strong, a keen sportsman, and who, it might be hoped, had learnt wisdom in the hard school of adversity.

Of hard schooling poor Dick, it had to be confessed, had suffered no lack, and the old man, who was sitting down in his dingy lodgings to write a letter to the exile, felt something like a twinge of compunction as he thought of bygone years and bygone encounters. But what would you have? We grow old, we repent too late of our past follies, we see those who have inherited our temperament preparing to follow our evil example, and we can but use such methods as experience has suggested to us to save them from themselves. Pleading and preaching are useless; swift, sharp punishment is the only argument to which young blood will yield; he who holds the reins and the whip must use both, or else he may as well throw them away. So, at least, Mr. Morgan, who had himself been a spoilt child, had believed, and upon that principle he had acted. By renouncing all save the bare necessities of life, he had contrived to send his son to Eton and Oxford; but he had never been tender with the boy, he had kept him upon a ridiculously insufficient allowance of pocket-money, and had sternly forbidden him under any circumstances to owe a penny to a tradesman. Perhaps it was scarcely to be wondered at that bills had been surreptitiously incurred, that pay-day had come, as it always must come, and that Dick had been packed off to seek his living in a distant colony, with the memory of a paternal rebuke somewhat more severe than his duplicity and extravagance had merited. But then Mr. Morgan had intended all along to make atonement—his life, indeed, ever since Dick's early childhood, had been one long atonement for the self-indulgence which had deprived them both of their home—and if, upon occasion, he had seemed to be unbending and unsympathetic, that had been only because he knew better than anybody what is apt to be the result of misplaced leniency.

All this, and a good deal more, he explained in the letter which it took

him a full hour to write, and which begged his dear boy to return to England immediately. His dear boy, who had long been his own master, was now going to be a comparatively rich man; the past was to be forgotten, the future was bright with promise. Only Mr. Morgan made no reference to Flo Leighton; because that had been a stupid youthful affair which belonged to the past, and the Leightons, though decent people enough in their way, were not quite in the social class whence the owner of Ridge End might be expected to select a bride. It had been extremely silly of Dick to talk about marrying the girl, when he had not means adequate to his own support; but young fellows will do these silly things, and too much importance should not be ascribed thereto.

For some days after the notable departure from his customs, which has been recorded, the habitués of the club to which Miser Morgan belonged watched him as the islanders of Melita watched St. Paul; but their curiosity went unrewarded. Port wine was one of the many things for which Mr. Morgan had lost all taste, a cigar is not necessarily good because it costs a shilling, and to the comments and opinions of his acquaintances he was wholly indifferent. He made no change in his manner of life, nor did he wish to make any. All he desired was a reply from South Africa, and for that he must needs wait, he knew not how many weeks. It was without the smallest expectation that it would contain anything of personal interest to him that he picked up the newspaper from his breakfast-table one morning, and read the following paragraph, which chanced to catch his eye:—

"Loss of a Passenger off Cape Verd.—A telegram from Madeira announces the arrival of the homeward-bound mail steamer Teuton from the Cape. The captain reports that, during heavy weather off Cape Verd, one of the passengers was swept overboard by a green sea, and that all efforts to effect a rescue proved unavailing. Mr. Richard Morgan, the unfortunate young gentleman whose career has thus been

brought to an untimely end, was believed to have been singularly fortunate in recent mining ventures, and was on his way to join his father in London, bringing, it is stated, a large sum in cash with him. His death is much deplored by his fellow-passengers, amongst whom he had made himself universally popular."

A stag with a bullet through his heart will often go far before he drops. Mr. Morgan quietly laid down the paper beside his untouched breakfast, left the club, and walked back to his lodgings with a steady step. Nature, supplemented by circumstances, had made him something of a stolt; yet it was by no conscious effort that he maintained an unmoved exterior beneath the stroke of the thunderbolt which had thus fallen upon him out of a clear sky. There are calamities so complete and so utterly irremediable that they scarcely touch the emotions at the moment of their occurrence, and are frequently met with sheer disbelief.

Well, there was room for incredulity in the present instance, at all events, seeing that Dick (although, to be sure, he had not written for a long time) had given no intimation of his intention to return to England, and that neither his Christian name nor his surname could be called uncommon. There are, of course, any number of Richard Morgans in the world. The old man kept repeating to himself in a dull, bewildered way, that there were plenty of Richard Morgans, and that it must have been some other Richard Morgan who had taken passage from the Cape and had been such a fool as to stand on deck during an Atlantic gale.

He said as much later in the day to two or three friends (he had but two or three left, and they not very intimate ones), who were kind enough to look him up and assure him of their sympathy. "I am not alarmed about my son," he told them; "things of that sort don't happen. I might telegraph to Madeira; but it would cost a lot of money, and the chances are that I should receive no trustworthy information. In a few days the ship will

come in; then I shall see the captain and make sure. However, I really feel no anxiety."

But his freedom from anxiety, which scandalized his friends, and caused them to remind one another what a harsh, unnatural father Miser Morgan had always been, did not enable him to sleep or to show himself at the club, or even to eat more than was absolutely needful to keep life in him. How he spent the next four or five days he would have been puzzled afterwards to say. He did not leave his rooms; he did not speak or read or think much; he simply waited for something that was coming nearer and nearer every hour—something that was going to kill him perhaps, if that mattered. His wits must have continued to serve him after a mechanical fashion; for when he went down to Southampton to meet the Teuton, he had the forethought to take his old family lawyer with him. Circumstances might demand proof of his identity and the presence of a legal adviser.

"Not that I anticipate any necessity for troubling you; only it is as well to be prepared for possibilities," he was careful to explain to his travelling companion, who replied:—

"Quite so, my dear Mr. Morgan, quite so! I myself seldom leave home without an umbrella, even though there may be no clouds in the sky."

There were clouds enough in the sky, as they were both well aware, and they had not been five minutes on board the mail steamer before doubt had given place to certainty. The captain of the Teuton, who was kind and sympathetic, made no difficulty about delivering up the effects of his deceased passenger: that Mr. Morgan was the father of the drowned man was as easily proved as that the drowned man had been no other than Mr. Morgan's son. Upon the latter point the evidence afforded by baggage and clothes, which were at once recognized, was conclusive. A port-manteau, when opened, was found to contain a faded photograph of the old man, who gazed silently at it, together with—oh, bitter irony!—the last letter,

dated some months back, which he had addressed to his son. Mr. Morgan stooped down and possessed himself of this document. He seemed to be under the impression that those who stood beside him were acquainted with its purport; for he thought it necessary to say, in tremulous, apologetic accents:—

"My son and I were upon rather cold terms; I could not write to him quite as I felt. My duty, as I saw it, was to remind him that—that he had given me reason to be displeased with him. For we ought not to forgive ourselves too easily, and he was a careless young fellow—a careless, light-hearted young fellow!"

"He was an uncommonly fine young fellow," the captain declared, with a touch of indignation. "As merry, kind-hearted and open-handed a fellow as ever I sailed with in my life!"

"Thank you, sir," returned Mr. Morgan; "I am glad you liked him. He was all that you call him, and I dare say you understood him better than I did. However, that is of little consequence now. I suppose he didn't—er—happen to mention me in any way—just in the course of conversation?"

The captain could not remember that he had done so, beyond stating that he meant to join his father in London by and by. "He was to have left us at Madeira. I gathered that he had some idea of treating himself to a continental trip with the money that he had made at the mines. I have his cash-box, I should tell you."

There was little more to be said and very little more to be done. Certain formalities were undertaken by the lawyer, who saw his client safely back to London, and who knew better than to attempt anything so impossible as consolation on the journey. Yet, after all, he had been for many years the trusted confidant of the so-called miser; he, and he alone, held the key to that long, solitary, self-denying life, and he could not say good-bye without one indispensable word of exhortation.

"My dear Mr. Morgan—my dear old friend, you won't stay in these wretched lodgings all by yourself, will

you? You will go down, after a time, to your own home at Ridge End, and—and try to form fresh interests for yourself. Meanwhile, if you will only come to us, my wife will give you a warm welcome, and I promise you that you shall not be disturbed in any way."

"Thank you," answered the other, "but I think I will remain where I am, and I hope never to set eyes on Ridge End again. Nevertheless, I am obliged to you for your kind offer. As for fresh interests—well, hardly at this time of day! I understand what you are afraid of; but you are mistaken. I shall neither cut my throat nor blow out my brains. Besides, if I did, what difference would that make to anybody?"

His despair took that rather unapproachable form. People who were sorry for him (and there are always a few good creatures who are sorry for the most unamiable of us when we are in affliction) did what they could, but fell back discomfited before the cold, dry civility with which their advances were received. Nobody, except the lawyer, knew for certain that he had cared at all for his only son. His wish evidently was to be left alone, and it was, of course, a good deal easier to comply with that wish than to combat it.

A visitor who was, if anything, slightly more unwelcome to him than the rest was Charles Leighton, a man with whom he had at one time been almost intimate, but whom he had carefully avoided ever since poor Dick's absurd announcement that he was engaged to be married to Mr. Leighton's daughter. There had been no formal engagement. The girl's parents, who had been reasonable enough, had agreed that, under the circumstances, nothing of that sort could possibly be sanctioned. Still, Mr. Morgan had not been altogether satisfied, suspecting them of suspecting him. Nothing was more probable than that they believed, as most people did, that he was really a rich man and could afford to give his son a handsome allowance, if he chose. Leighton himself, an elderly,

good-humored stockbroker, was harmless and unobjectionable—as were also, for the matter of that, his wife and his daughter. Only they were utterly unknown in society, and it had seemed prudent to drop them. But now, for reasons best known to himself, here was this prosperous-looking Philistine, with visage elongated to fit the demands of the case, and a suggestion that hands might once more be clasped under the pressure of a common affliction.

"My good man," said Mr. Morgan, "I have no quarrel with you; I am sorry that you should have imagined I had any. Previous to my son's sailing for South Africa we agreed, if I remember rightly, that we had better see rather less of one another than we had done—that was all."

"But you can have no objection to seeing us now, Morgan?" observed Mr. Leighton, with a sigh. "Whatever your views and wishes may have been, an end has come to them—as well as to our hopes."

"What hopes?" Mr. Morgan asked rather sharply.

It was absurd to be annoyed, seeing that nothing mattered, or ever would matter again, yet he could not help resenting a little the employment of that word.

"Well, if you had a daughter who was growing thin and ill for love of a young man who hadn't money enough to marry upon, and if that young man wrote to say that he was making his fortune hand over hand and meant to be true to the girl of his choice, I suppose you would have hopes, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose I should," answered Mr. Morgan; "I'm not blaming you. Dick was in the habit of writing to you, then?"

"He was in the habit of writing to Flo, I believe. You may say that it would have been more straightforward on my part to put a stop to the correspondence when I found out about it, but, hang it all! one isn't made of cast-iron. Besides, I take it that a man of independent means has a right to please himself, and poor Dick, it seems,

had become really independent within the last few months."

"From communications which have quite recently been made to me, I gather that it is so," replied Mr. Morgan coldly. "I had not hitherto been aware of it. My son did not honor me with the confidence which he reposed in you—or in your daughter. You knew, perhaps, that he was on his way home?"

"Yes; we knew. Dick would have told you, only—well, to speak the truth, I believe he was a bit afraid of you. He foresaw that you would be opposed to his marriage, and his idea was that he would have a better chance of overcoming your opposition by word of mouth than by letter."

"I see. An agreeable surprise that you were all kind enough to prepare for me. Well, we have had a surprise; but it hasn't been exactly an agreeable one, has it?"

Mr. Leighton shook his head sorrowfully. He had not expected to be too well received by that hard-hearted old Morgan, and, himself being a worthy creature, he took no umbrage. After a pause he remarked:—

"It's a bad business—a shocking bad business—for poor Flo."

"She will get over it," said Mr. Morgan dryly. "At her age people get over things."

"Not always, I'm afraid; though, of course, that is what one must hope for. Anyhow, you can understand that it is very sad for her mother and me to see her looking so miserably unhappy, and that we naturally wish to gratify any whim of hers that it is in our power to gratify."

A curt nod of the head signified that Mr. Morgan was able to understand that, and his visitor, thus encouraged, went on:—

"It would be a kindness, and I believe it might even be good for you too, to look her up one of these afternoons. She is very anxious to have a talk with you, and——"

"I am sorry," interrupted Mr. Morgan. "but I must really beg you to excuse me. I am going nowhere at present, nor could I say anything to

your daughter which would be likely to do her or me the smallest good. Her trouble, as I tell you, is curable, and will be cured without help from me. Mine happens to be incurable, and it certainly would not console me to talk about it."

"Well, that isn't her opinion. She thinks she could tell you things about poor Dick which might give you a little consolation. She has been hearing from him pretty constantly, you see."

If Mr. Morgan had spoken the words which were in his mind, he would have said, "Confound you, you clumsy fool! Why must you needs go on reminding me of that?" But it was not worth while to be angry with the man—it was no longer worth while to be angry with anybody or at anything. So he merely reiterated, in accents of chilling politeness, his regret that he did not at present feel equal to paying visits; after which he glanced meaningly at the clock.

Yet after Mr. Leighton, obviously disconcerted and disappointed, had quitted him, he felt a twinge of compunction. What, after all, was the use of snubbing people who, no doubt, meant to be kind? It was true that, upon their own showing, they had dealt with him after a fashion which he did not consider particularly friendly; but then he had had no claim upon their friendship, and their designs, like his own, had been brought to nought. If the girl really wished to see him, why should he deny her that poor solace? She was not going to be his daughter-in-law now, he had no reason for holding her at arm's length, and he presumed that she would have sufficient good taste and self-control to refrain from making a scene.

The upshot of this and further musings was that on the following afternoon Mr. Morgan rang the door-bell of a house in Bayswater with which he had once been tolerably familiar, and asked for Miss Leighton. Two minutes later he had been admitted into a small morning-room on the ground floor and was shaking hands with a pale-faced, brown-eyed girl,

dressed in black, whom he mentally confessed to be both pretty and lady-like.

"It is very good of you to grant my request," she said quietly. "I know it must go against the grain with you to enter this house."

"Not particularly," answered Mr. Morgan. "Situated as I now am, it goes a little against the grain with me to enter anybody's house; but your father seemed to think that it would be a satisfaction to you to see me, and I felt, after he had left, that I had behaved churlishly in refusing."

He honestly believed that he was speaking the truth, and that it had been merely a sense of what one afflicted mortal owes to another, not an overpowering anxiety to hear anything more that Flo Leighton might be able to tell him about his dead son, which had brought him all the way to Bayswater. But Flo Leighton, whose soft brown eyes had rested upon his while he spoke, may have understood him better than he understood himself, for she answered, with apparent irrelevance:—

"It seems as if we had acted in an underhand way, I know, but when you have read Dick's letters, which I want to show you, you will see that his motives were not quite what you think. At all events, you will see that he longed to be friends with you again, and to make some amends for the distress and expense to which you were put through him."

Mr. Morgan took, with some hesitation, the bundle of closely written sheets extended to him.

"These letters are not addressed to me," said he; "and—and they are love-letters, I suppose. I am not sure that I ought to look at them."

"But they belong to me, and I wish you to look at them," the girl returned. "Unless you do, you will never know what Dick really was. Besides," she added, with a touch of pride, "I am not ashamed of anything he has ever written to me."

She had no reason to be so, either on her own account or on that of her correspondent. That much the old

man to whom it had pleased her to deliver these ardent epistles from an exiled lover soon perceived. Love-letters, of course, they were, and he did not do more than glance at such portions of them as resembled all love-letters. What interested him—and had doubtless been intended to interest him—were the frequent references to himself and the evidence which these afforded of his dead boy's affection. It was an astonishing, yet indisputable, fact that Dick had done him justice—and more than justice. "The governor passes for being a hard man, but I can tell you that he is harder upon himself than he is upon anybody else. Why, I believe he actually kept himself short of meat and drink to pay for my education! You wouldn't call him unforgiving if you knew him as well as I do. He'll forgive me when I can show him some substantial proof that I have turned over a new leaf. Until then the best thing I can do is to hold my tongue." And again: "I am not going to write to the dear old chap. I want to give myself the treat of walking into his room some fine afternoon and putting all the money that he has had to pay up for me into his hand. Then I shall tell him how much I have already remitted to England, and then—well, then, I hope, he will come round with me and say something pleasant to his future daughter-in-law. He could hardly be expected to say anything pleasant when he first heard of our engagement and when I hadn't a sixpence in my pocket."

When Mr. Morgan had finished reading his son's letters he folded them up, and, after clearing his voice, handed them back to their owner.

"My dear," said he, "if you intended to convince me that I have lost a daughter-in-law of whom any man might be proud, you have succeeded, for such letters are only written to good women. But I doubt whether that was your object. Your object, I think, was to lessen my misery a little, if you could, not your own."

The girl nodded. "I wanted you to understand," she said.

"Well, you have succeeded there, too. But what can I do?—what can any one do now that all is over?"

"You can sometimes talk to me and let me talk to you about him," she answered. "You have nobody else to whom you can talk about him, nor have I, for although my parents are as kind as possible, of course they only *liked* him—he was nothing really to them. And I thought perhaps you might feel, as I do, that pain is harder to bear when one can't speak of it."

Mr. Morgan was by no means sure that he felt in that way, but he was touched and grateful. It struck him, too, that the poor girl must have been very unhappy before it had occurred to her to seek a confidant in a sour, reticent old man upon whose good-will she had little reason to count. So he told her what he had told no one else, how his dream had been to restore Dick to his rightful position at Ridge End, how nearly that dream had approached fulfilment, and how he had actually written to recall the wanderer, who, had he but known it, was then lying deep under the Atlantic waves, beyond all reach of recall. Perhaps it was some slight comfort to him to relate these things. Certainly it was a comfort to listen to what Flo had to relate in return, and to be assured that poor Dick had always loved him. This forlorn and oddly matched couple spent upwards of half an hour together, and at the end of their interview each had conceived an affection for the other which seemed likely to endure as long as their joint lives. When Mr. Morgan got up to go away he raised the girl's hand to his lips, saying:—

"You have been very good to me. I will come again soon, if I may. For some little time, at all events, I shall not be afraid of wearying you with my senile chatter."

"There is one subject which can never weary either of us," she replied, with conviction.

But she was very young and her fellow-sufferer was very old. It would be ridiculous and monstrous and against nature that she should continue grieving all her days. Life lay before her,

whereas it lay behind a worn-out septuagenarian. It stood to reason that she would marry some day and forget this early disaster. So Mr. Morgan said to himself after he had returned to his lodging, and when, as was not surprising, he began to be sensible of some reaction from his unwonted indulgence in sentiment. To tell the truth, he had been thinking that he would make a will, bequeathing Ridge End to Flo Leighton, instead of letting the place go to the distant kinsman who, in the event of his dying intestate, would inherit all that he possessed; but there arose before him a vision of Flo's future husband—some Brown, Jones, or Robinson, who would entertain his low-bred friends at Dick's table, and shoot the partridges and pheasants that Dick ought to have shot—a vision all the more repulsive because it was almost sure to come true. And then, as one ugly thought is very apt to introduce another, it crossed his mind that the girl's advances might not have been wholly disinterested. He was ashamed of harboring such suspicions, but he could not help himself. He had seen so much of the baser side of our complicated nature, and he knew so well that absolute singleness of purpose is a very rare masculine and a far more rare feminine attribute.

"Not that I care," he muttered; "why should I bother myself about what will happen after I am dead and gone? All the same, I don't feel much inclined to leave the old place to strangers, and if she was thinking of that—as I dare say she was, and quite natural, too!—she must prepare herself for a disappointment."

He forgot that Miss Leighton could hardly have been actuated by motives of that nature, since she had not been aware that he had regained possession of his estate until he told her. Many fractious children, and not a few grown-up persons, are wont to put forward imaginary grievances for the sake of being contradicted and comforted; but there was nobody to contradict old Miser Morgan, to whom at that moment the memory of a nick-

name, which was no secret to him, chanced to recur and brought a bitter smile to his lips. "Miser Morgan, do they call me?—*miserrimus* would be nearer the mark! I have heaped up riches and I cannot tell who will gather them. Only I know who will not, and I know that I would give them all for just one sight of a face that will never be seen again by mortal man."

The sound of voices on the landing irritated his nerves and seemed to accentuate his solitude. As a general rule, he gave little trouble to servants, and submitted uncomplainingly to the very audible chatter and laughter of the housemaid, who seemed to be a young woman of many friends; but now he felt that he must have silence, and he was about to ring the bell and request her to carry on her conversation in a lower key when the door was suddenly opened, and a voice, which was not the housemaid's—a voice which caused him to bound on his chair—said:—

"I'm afraid I've given you a fine fright, sir; but really it wasn't my fault."

"Dick!" shrieked the old man, starting up and stretching out his arms. "But it's impossible!—it can't be! Good God, what a heartless brute you must be, whoever you are, to play me such a trick!"

The stalwart young fellow, who was just in time to save Mr. Morgan from falling, did not look much like a heartless brute; although he had perhaps some reason for stigmatizing himself as a stupid, clumsy fool. A quarter of an hour later, when his father, who had fainted dead away, had been restored to consciousness, and had stopped his self-reproaches by shaking a tremulous fist at him, and by laughter which was not far removed from tears, he explained how he came to be safe and sound in London. Instead of at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

"It is quite simple," he said; "I didn't sail by the Teuton at all, though I had taken my passage. The poor chap who was drowned, and who claimed my cabin after relieving me of my money-

box and other belongings, found it advisable to personate me, I suppose. Now when you come to think of it, that was the wisest thing for him to do."

"From his point of view I dare say it was," Mr. Morgan agreed; "but I confess that I don't understand how such a scheme could be carried out with any chance of success. Who was he? Why did you let him rob you? And why on earth didn't you telegraph to have him arrested at the first port of call?"

"He wasn't a bad fellow," answered Dick meditatively. "His name was Johnson—at least, that was the name he bore—and we were pretty good friends up at the mines, he and I. Of course, one comes across some queer fish in those parts, and one doesn't inquire too closely into their history; but I thought he was more or less all right, so I was glad enough of his company when we started to travel down the coast together—I with my pockets full of money, and he without a brass farthing, poor beggar! He had had the worst kind of luck, while I had had the very best, you see."

"And you thought he was 'more or less all right,' and you considered it prudent to inform him that your kit contained a cash-box full of notes and gold! Then, as might have been anticipated, he knocked you on the head and levanted with your property. Oh, Dick, when will you learn that there aren't any honest men, except you and me, and perhaps a score or so of others, scattered here and there over the surface of a good-sized world?"

Dick had to confess that he had been knocked on the head. He pushed aside his tightly curling hair to show the mark of the blow which had caused him to miss his passage and keep his bed for a matter of ten days.

"As for telegraphing to Madeira," said he, "I did think of doing that, and of course I should have done so if I could have foreseen that I should be reported in England as drowned. But I didn't know that anybody had been drowned or that anything had been reported; the first news I had of

it reached me from the slavey who opened your door for me just now. And though it was a horrid bore to lose my money and my clothes, I felt that I could afford it. I shouldn't have liked the idea of sending poor Johnson to prison, for he really wasn't a bad sort of fellow—confound him!"

Mr. Morgan shook his head. "Proceed upon those principles and you will soon be without a coat to your back," he remarked dryly. "But on the present occasion Providence seems to have intervened, and your cash-box is all safe in the next room. I have heard, too, from your bankers, who tell me that you have become quite a capitalist. You'll hardly care to hear now that at last I have paid off the mortgages on Ridge End, and that you can take up your residence there as soon as you please."

"Ridge End!" exclaimed the young man, with wide-open eyes. "My dear father, you don't mean to say——"

"Oh, yes, I do; why not? Every man is entitled to his hobby, you know, and that was mine. Besides which, it was distinctly my duty, since the property would have come to you unencumbered if I hadn't been a far greater fool than you are when I was your age. As it is, you have had to suffer for my folly quite as much as I have done. But these are matters which we can discuss at our leisure. May I ask whether you have seen Miss Leighton yet?"

"I haven't seen a soul since I reached London, except some porters and a cabman and your maidservant. Of course I drove straight here."

Mr. Morgan's eyes glistened. "So you came here first as a matter of course, did you?" said he, laying his hand upon his son's broad shoulder. "Well! well! she is a good girl, and I hope she will forgive you; but you mustn't keep her waiting a moment longer than is necessary. Be off with you to Bayswater, and when you are there you might just ask her what she would like a man of moderate

means to give her for a wedding present."

"You consent, then?" cried the young man joyfully.

"Come now, Dick! you don't expect me to believe that you would throw that poor girl over if I withheld my consent, do you? To speak honestly, I did think at one time that you might have looked a little higher with advantage; but I'm not sure that I haven't changed my opinion, and when all's said, it's your affair, not mine. I am only too thankful, God knows, to have you back on any terms! If you proposed to marry a Hottentot, instead of a very charming young lady, I should be ready to give her my blessing."

So there was great rejoicing in Bayswater that evening; and some three months later a quiet marriage was solemnized between Richard Morgan, of Ridge End, Surrey, Esquire, and Florence, daughter of Mr. Charles Leighton. The ceremony was perforce a quiet one, owing to the recent death of the bridegroom's father, who succumbed to a sudden fit of syncope a few weeks after his son's return from South Africa. He had accomplished his life's work; his last days were happy, and he was perhaps fortunate in the moment of his exit. Epilogues are so often apt to be tedious and disappointing.

"Well might they call him Miser Morgan!" exclaimed Lord St. Ronan when he perused the deceased's will, as reported in the newspapers. "There doesn't seem to have been much personality; but no doubt he cheated the chancellor of the exchequer by making over the greater part of his fortune as well as his real property to his son. He must have saved any amount of money in all these years—and not one penny bequeathed to charities, I see! Ah, well! I got ten pounds out of him once, and I suppose that is more than any other man living can say."

W. E. NORRIS.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.

"THE WILD WA—A HEAD-HUNTING RACE."

BY J. GEORGE SCOTT, C.I.E.

The annexation of Upper Burma gave us the Shan States. The Shans are a people very interesting in themselves. Like the Burmese, they came from the teeming North and pressed, or were pressed, towards the sea, where they became the forefathers of the Siamese. At one time they were very powerful, furnished kings to Northern Burma, and held Ta-li-fu as the capital of one of their strongest clans. The nature of their country, a mass of hills, rolling like the billows of a stormy sea, prevented them from acting together as a nation. Communications were difficult at all times and almost impossible in the rainy season, so that they broke up more and more into tribes and were thus the more easily subdued in detail by the Burmese and Chinese, so that the Kingdom of Siam is the only remaining symbol of their former power.

Nevertheless they are still very widely spread. Shan communities are found scattered across Indo China from the borders of Assam into Tongking and even Kwangsi, whilst the outer fringe of the province of Yunnan is almost entirely peopled by Shans. Still the bulk of them, apart of course from the Siamese, are found in the hill country between the Irrawaddy and the Mekhong Rivers, and are therefore British subjects. Their language, history, traditions, and customs are well worth study before it is too late.

But even more interesting are the remnants of aboriginal tribes settled amongst them. In north and northeast Shan land are found a mixture of tribes and a multitude of distinct languages such as are not to be found in any other part of the world, certainly not in the same area. Of these the Chingpaw or Kachins, Tasoru or Palaungs, Akha or Kaw, La'hu or Muhsö, the Yao, Kwi, Yang Lam and Yang Sek, the Kwi, the Panna and the Wa, are the most prominent, but there are

many others, possibly clans of these tribes, known to their neighbors under different names. Hitherto these peoples have been so isolated by the insecurity which prevailed as long as the Shan States were under Burmese rule, and by the difficulties of communication, that the very existence of many of them was not even known. Now however that peace has been established and that roads are being made and even a railway commenced across the Shan States, there is a danger that these aboriginal tribes, small as they are in numbers and widely scattered, will become assimilated to their Chinese and Shan neighbors, and that their languages and institutions will be lost through their contact with the outer world. It will at any rate yearly become more difficult for the philologist, or ethnologist to fix their position and relationships in the human family. Little can be done by British officers hurrying from place to place and overwhelmed with administrative work, but no opportunity of making enquiries and notes should be lost.

Of these tribes the most attractive by their conspicuous savagery are the Wa. They are head-hunters; they are firmly believed by all their neighbors to be cannibals; they are also said on the same authority to go about *vêtus du climat*—

All unabashed, unhaberdashed, unheeding.

Such attributes naturally attract especial interest, which is accentuated by the fact that gold is found in considerable quantities in their hills. This is unfortunate, for it suggests that the exploiter and the digger will get at them in advance of the ethnologist and the student of folk lore, and that their head-hunting will be stopped and their bodies clothed before Wa institutions and peculiarities can be most profitably studied.

They live in a compact block of country, south of the Kun Lông ferry on the Salween, extending for about one hundred miles along the east bank of that river and for perhaps half that distance inland. Within this area there

are almost none but Wa. The few villages there are of Shans, Hui Hui, Chinese Mahomedans and La'hu, only serve to accentuate the fact. Here they have been settled for a time beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and none of their neighbors have been able to get on terms of acquaintanceship with them or even to penetrate with any degree of freedom into their country. The Burmese sent an army to get the gold from the Shwe Thamin Chaung, the Stream of the Golden Deer, but the men all perished and got none of the gold. The Chinese have several times sent expeditions to exact reparation for heads carried off, which only served to furnish more heads for Wa village avenues. One British party has passed through the heart of the Wild Wa country, and they are perhaps the only strangers who have ever done so. It is possible that the journey may not be repeated for some time, for the Wild Wa, apart from their foible for collecting human heads, are by no means bad neighbors and are especially free from the habit indulged in by most of the other mountaineers of stealing cattle and property from the villages down in the valleys and straths. Life is comparatively little regarded in the hills, and the payment of the regular blood money usually absolves the murderer; but the thief, and especially the confirmed cattle lifter, is shot or crucified with precision. The Wa are not thieves. Mere property has no attraction for them. They would throw away a bag of rubies if this would enable them to carry another skull. The heads they get are usually those of casual pedlars, or roving wastrels, and the Shan or Chinese man of substance looks upon such incidents as not worth making a fuss over. It is no doubt also true that the punishing of a Wa village would require a strong force of determined men, and the presence of artillery. Neither of these are to be found either in borderland China or in the Shan States.

Moreover, the Wild Wa, at any rate on the western or British side, are

separated by a fringe of "tame" Wa, who do not professionally go in for head-hunting. They use the heads of malefactors, or buy skulls from over crowded collections in the hunting districts. It is through these "tame" Wa that we must endeavor to wean the head-hunters from their practices, if necessary by large consignments of composition skulls from Birmingham.

The origin of the Wa is very obscure. They are certainly distinct from the Shans, the Burmese, and the Chinese, and probably from all their other neighbors. The Shans distinguish between the La and the Wa, but the difference appears to be purely visionary or at best an attempt to label the Tame and the Wild with different names. The Burmese call them Lawa, but no one is able to say where they came from, or whether they ever had a more extended country than that in which they are now situated.

The Wa themselves claim to be autochthones, and like most of their neighbors have a fantastic tale as to their origin. All the Indo-Chinese races have a predilection for eccentric birth-stories. Some claim to be sprung from eggs, some from dogs, some from reptiles. The Wa claim tadpoles for their rude forefathers. The primeval Wa were called Pu Htoi and Ya Htoi. As tadpoles they spent their first years in Nawng Hkeo, a mysterious lake on the top of a hill range, seven thousand feet high, in the centre of the Head-cutting country. When they turned into frogs they lived on a hill called Nam Tao, and progressing in the scale of life, they became ogres and established themselves in a cave, Pakkatè, about thirty miles south of the mountain lake and on the western slope of the range. From this cave they made sallies in all directions in search of food, and at first were content with deer, wild pig, goats, and cattle. As long as this was their only diet, they had no young. But all Hpoi Hpoi in the end come to eat human beings. It is their most distinguishing characteristic, after the fact of their having red eyes and casting no shadow. One day Pu Htoi and

Ya Htoi went exceptionally far afield and came to a country inhabited by men. They caught one and ate him and carried off his skull to the Pakkaté cave. After this they had many young ogrelets, all of whom however appeared in human form. The parents therefore placed the human skull on a post and worshipped it. There were nine sons, who established themselves in the nine Wa glens, mostly in the West, and they bred and mustered rapidly. The ten daughters settled on the fells and were even more prolific. Their descendants are the most thorough in head-hunting and the skulls are always men's. The language the new race spoke was at first that of the frog, a sort of Brekkekkex, but this was elaborated in time into modern Wa.

Pu Htoi and Ya Htoi enjoined on their children the necessity of always having a human skull in their settlements. Without this they could not have any peace, plenty, prosperity, comfort, or enjoyment, and this injunction has always been piously obeyed. When the venerable ogres died, they summoned all their progeny together and gave an account of their origin and said that they, Pu Htoi and Ya Htoi, were to be worshipped as the Father and Mother spirits. Other spirits there were, but they were bad and malevolent. Pu Htoi and Yu Htoi alone were genial and benignant, and the most seemly offering to them was a snow-white grinning skull. The ordinary sacrifices on special occasions, however, were to be buffaloes, bullocks, pigs, and fowl, with plentiful libations of rice spirit. The special occasions were marriage, the commencement of a war, death, and the putting up of a human skull. In addition to these meat offerings a human skull was always desirable under exceptional circumstances, or for special objects. Thus when a new village was founded, a skull was an imperative necessity. If there were a drought, which threatened a failure of the crops, no means would be so successful in bringing rain as the dedication of a skull. If disease swept away many victims a skull alone would stay the pestilence.

But the good old parental ogres expressly said that it was not necessary that the villagers should slay a man in order to get his head. They might get the skull by purchase or barter.

It is noticeable that the present descendants of the nine first boys mostly buy their skulls, or utilize the heads of men who have been executed for crimes. The hill-dwelling issue of the ten ogre maidens sally out to lop off heads for themselves. Perhaps this is because it is men's heads that are wanted, not women's. It is at any rate significant of woman's will, a much discussed subject nowadays.

It is however certain that the Wa are not cannibals, at least not habitual cannibals. The assertion is however so universally made by all their neighbors, Chinese, Burmese, Shans, Lem, and La 'Hu, and is so firmly believed, that it seems probable that on special occasions, possibly at the annual harvest feast, human flesh may be eaten as a religious function, a sort of pious remembrance of the diet which made the Wa first ancestors fecund, and produced the race. The Wa themselves, however, even the Wa Pwi, who are the most thorough paced supporters of rules and regulations, deny it, not indeed with scorn, or horror, or indignation, or any well-regulated sentiment, but with a placid, well-fed chuckle as who should say: Why should we eat men's flesh, when the regular posting up of men's heads will ensure us plenty of dogs, plenty of maize and buckwheat and plenty of spirits? Certainly headless corpses are left lying about the roads as if they were of no value to anybody. We are therefore forced to abandon belief in the attractively graphic story of the good wife putting "the kettle on the fire" when the men of the village go out head-hunting. The Shans still firmly believe that the Wa eat their parents. When they become old and feeble, so it is said, the children tenderly and lovingly help them to climb into the branches of a tree. Then they shake the boughs until the old people fall down. "The fruit is ripe: let us eat it," they say, and proceed to do

so. This prepossessing old story seems to be true only of the Battak of Sumatra, who find no grave so suitable and honorable for the authors of their being as their own insides.

But as to the head-hunting there is no manner of doubt. It is true that the Wa are not mere collectors. They do not accumulate heads as one collects stamps, or botanical specimens, or matchbox labels, from the pure pleasure of possession and an eclectic gratification in difference of size, shape, or in the perfect condition of the teeth, and the well-marked definition of the sutures. No individual Wa has a private collection, nor does it appear that success in the accumulation of heads ensures the favors of the fair. They do not mount their heads, fresh lopped off, on posts, as the people of the Mambwe country, south of Lake Tanganyika do, in the belief that such exhibits are pleasing and impressive; nor do they regard them as tokens of individual prowess as the Dyaks do, or as the American Indians used to glory in the scalps they carried about them. The Wa regards his skulls as a protection against the spirits of evil, much the same as holy water, or the sign of the cross; or like texts at a meeting-house, or Bibles on the dressing-table at a temperance hotel, or hallelujahs at a Salvation Army service. Without a skull his crops would fail; without a skull his kine might die; without a skull the father and mother spirits would be shamed and might be enraged; if there were no protecting skull the other spirits, who are all malignant, might gain entrance and kill the inhabitants, or drink all the liquor.

The Wa country is a series of mountain ranges, running north and south and shelving rapidly down to narrow valleys from two to five thousand feet deep. The villages are all on the slopes, some in a hollow just sheltered by the crest of the ridge, some lower down where a spur offers a little flat ground. The industrious cultivation of years has cleared away the jungle, which is so universal elsewhere in the Shan hills, and the villages stand out conspicuously as yellowish brown

blotches on the hillsides. A Shan village is always embowered in bamboos and fruit or flowering trees; Kachin villages straggle about among the peaks with primeval forest all around; Akha, Kwi, and La 'Hu hide away their settlements in gullies, or secluded hollows; but a Wa village is visible for miles, the houses all within one enclosure and the grey of the thatched roof hardly distinguishable from the litter of cattle and pigs which covers inches deep all the ground within the fence.

But outside every village, every village at any rate in the Wild Wa country, there is a grove of trees, usually stretching along the ridge, or a convenient *col*. It is usually fairly broad and is made up of huge trees, with heavy undergrowth, strips of the forest which, years and years ago, covered the whole country. From a distance it looks like an avenue, sometimes little over one hundred yards long, sometimes stretching for long distances from village to village. This is the avenue of skulls. It is not necessarily, and as often as not is not, the usual mode of approach to the village. Occasionally, however, the skulls actually line the main road and are practically out in the open. This appears to be the case rather with the more recently established villages, and the avenue, sombre with the shade of high over-arching trees, is certainly the more usual.

Here there is a row of stout posts, about three and a half feet high and five or six feet apart. In each of these, a little below the top, is cut a hole with a ledge on which the skull is placed. Sometimes the niche is on the side facing the path, so that the whole skull is in full view of the passer-by; sometimes it is inserted from behind and grins at him through a triangular hole. As a rule the posts are perfectly plain with nothing but the bark stripped off, but here and there they are fashioned into slabs with rude carvings, or primitive designs in red and black paint, by way of adornment, but this seems to be the case on the outer fringe rather than in the heart

of the downright business-doing head-hunter's country. The posts stand on one side of the road only, not on both sides, and there appears to be no rule as to the direction, either of the grove or of the line of skulls, north or south, east or west. Most villages count their heads by tens or twenties, but some of them run to hundreds, especially when the grove lies between several villages, who combine or perhaps run their collections with one another.

The skulls are in all stages of preservation, some of them glistening white and perfect in every detail, some discolored with the green mould of one or more rains, some patched over with lichens, or shaggy with moss, some falling to pieces, the teeth gone, the jaws crumbling away, the sutures yawning wide; sometimes the skull has vanished with age and the post even is mouldering to decay.

No doubt a Wild Wa never misses a chance of taking a head, when an opportunity presents itself. The skulls are looked upon as a safeguard against and a propitiation of the evil spirits. The ghost of the dead man hangs about his skull and resents the approach of other spirits, not from any good-will for the villages, for all spirits are mischievous and truculent, but because he resents trespassing on his coverts. For this reason the skulls of strangers are always the most valuable, for the ghost does not know his way about the country and cannot possibly wander away from his earthly remains. He also all the more resents the intrusion of vagrant ghosts on his policies. They cramp his movements, and a ghost wants plenty of elbow room. An unprotected stranger is therefore pretty sure to lose his head, if he wanders among the Wild Was, no matter what the time of the year may be. The more eminent he is the better, for the Wa are quite of the opinion of the tribes farther to the north, that an eminent man will make a puissant, brabbling ghost, who will dominate the country side, and secure his owners sleep of nights.

But though heads are thus taken in an eclectic, dilettante way whenever

chance offers, there is a proper authorized season for the accumulation of them. Legitimate head-cutting opens in March and lasts through April. The old skulls will ensure peace for the village, but at least one new one is wanted, if there is not to be risk of failure of the crops, the opium, the maize, and the rice. In these months journeying is exciting in the hills. A Wa must go out with the same reflection as a self-respecting dog, who never takes a stroll without the conviction that he is more likely than not to have a fight before he comes home again. Nevertheless there are rules of the game; lines of conduct to be observed, which assume the dignity of customary law. Naturally the Wa never take the heads of their fellow-villagers. The elements of political economy forbid that. It would be a very urgent necessity, a raging pestilence, a phenomenal drought, or a murrain among their cattle which would justify the immolation of a man from an adjoining village. To behead a man from a community even on the same range of hills is looked upon as unneighborly and slothful. The enterprise should be carried out on the next range, east or west, at any rate at a distance, the farther the more satisfactory from the point of view of results—agricultural results. When the head is secured the party returns immediately, travelling night and day without halt. It is not necessary to have more than one head, but naturally the more heads there are, the less danger there is of agricultural depression. They may therefore take several heads at their first stoop, and if they meet with a favorable opportunity on the way home, a party of misguided pedlars unable to defend themselves, or a footsore, or fever-stricken straggler from a Chinese caravan, they promptly end his wanderings.

The hunting-party is never large, usually about a dozen. Villages are therefore never attacked. That would be too much like slaughter, or civil war, which is not at all what is intended. The act is simply one of religious observance, or the carrying on of a his-

torical tradition. It does not appear that the neighbors of the victims harbor any particular animosity against the successful sportsmen. No doubt they go questing the following year by preference in that direction, but they apparently never think of exacting immediate vengeance.

Further, the Wa never seem to make raids beyond the limits of their own country, or at any rate of country which they have not regarded as their own in the past, or consider as likely to become theirs at some future time. There is no case on record of a Wa raid across the Salween, into Shan territory to collect heads, nor have they ever invaded the Chinese Shan States on the north. The Shans of Möng Lem to the south-east do indeed complain that certain roads, which, they say, are in their state, are very unsafe when the Wa hill fields are being got ready for planting, but it is only the roads that are unsafe. Shan villages are so open that disappointed hunters might very well creep in at night to get the heads which they have failed to secure in the open country, but it does not appear that this has ever been done. It is probably this discrimination on the part of the head-hunters which, as much as anything else, has restrained the neighboring people from combining to put an end to the Wild Wa, or at any rate to their accumulation of skulls.

The head-hunting party usually goes out quietly enough. There has probably been some consulting of sacrificial bones, or some scrutiny of the direction in which feather-light plant down floats, but there is no blessing of the questing party or any demonstration on the part of those who stay behind. Not even the women and children go to see them beyond the village gate. It is as much a matter of course every year as the sowing of the fields.

Sometimes they are out for a long time, for naturally every one, whether stranger, or native of the country, is very much on the alert during the head-cutting season. Occasionally two search parties come across one another.

There is as much feinting and dodging and beguiling then, as between two wrestlers trying for the grip. The Hsan Htung head-hunters actually did thus waylay a party from Yawng Maw, north of the Nawng Hkeo lake in 1893, and took three heads from the party of ten. This was legitimate sport, for the Yawng Maw men were in the Hsan Htung limits and presumably after Hsan Htung heads. Ordinarily however Wa heads are not taken. The vulture does not prey on the kite.

There is a tariff for heads. The skulls of the unwarlike Lem come lowest. They can sometimes be had for two rupees. La 'Hu heads can be had for about three times as much, for the La 'Hu are stalwart men of their hands and use poisoned arrows in their crossbows. Other Shans than the Lem are more rarely found, for they usually go, if they go at all, in large parties. Burmese heads have not been available for nearly a generation, and Chinamen's heads run to about fifty rupees, for they are dangerous game. European heads have not come on the market. There are no quotations. Wa skulls, probably from motives of delicacy, are not appraised. They probably fetch the average price, about ten rupees, according to the successful nature of the season and the number of semi-civilized Wa villages who are buying.

When the head, or heads, are brought home, there is great rejoicing. The big wooden gong is frantically beaten. All the bamboos of rice spirit in the village are tapped, the women and children dance and sing and the men become most furiously drunk. The head is not put up as it is. It requires preparation; for it is only the cleaned skull that is mounted outside the village.

At one end of the village, usually the upper end, for all the villages are built on a slope, stands the spirit house, a small shed, fenced round with stakes and roughly thatched over. In the centre of this stands the village drum, a huge log of wood with narrow slits along the length of it, through which

the interior has been laboriously hollowed out. These drums are sometimes six feet long and three or three and a half feet thick. They are beaten with wooden mallets and give out deep vibrating notes which travel very long distances. This gong is sounded at all crises, and moments of importance to the village, but chiefly when heads are brought home, or when sacrifices are being made, or when a village council is to be held. Outside this spirit-house the sacrifices to the spirits are made, the buffaloes, pigs, dogs, fowls are killed and their blood smeared on the posts, and rafters, and thatching, and their bones hang in clusters round the eaves.

Here the head is taken. It is wrapped up in thatch, or grass, or plantain leaves and slung in a rattan or bamboo basket, and is then hung up in a dark corner to ripen and bleach against the time when it is to be mounted in the avenue. This is the commonest practice, but some villages seem to prefer to hoist the head, slung in its rattan cage, on the top of a tall bamboo fixed in the centre of the village. This seems to savor of ostentation. Others hang the heads in aged, heavy foliaged trees, just within the village fence, but the spirit-house seems to be the more regular place. Wherever the skull is seasoned it remains until it is cleaned of all flesh and sinews and blanched to the proper color. Then it is mounted in the avenue. What the ceremonial then is, does not very clearly appear. None but a Wa has ever seen it. There seems, however, to be much slaughtering of buffaloes, pigs, and fowls, much chanting of spells by the village wise men, but above all much drinking of spirits by everybody. This last item no doubt accounts for the meagreness of the information on the subject. Apparently, however, the elders of the village carry out the skull with glad song and uplifting of voices, accompanied by every one who is in a condition to walk, and some traditional invocation or doxology is intoned before the skull is inducted in its niche. Those who are sober for this function

do not long remain so. The service throughout seems to be corybantic rather than devotional.

It is noticeable that no offerings are made in the avenue of skulls. The skulls are offering, altar and basilikon in themselves. The sacrifices are all made at the spirit-house in the village, and the bones, skins, horns, hoofs, feathers are deposited there or in individual houses, not in the calvary.

A Wa village is a very formidable place, except for civilized weapons of offence. Against all the arms which any of their neighbors possess it is impregnable, and it could not be carried by direct attack except by a very determined enemy, prepared to suffer very considerable loss. All the villages are perched high up on the slope of their hills, usually on a knoll or spine-like spur, or in a narrow ravine near the crest of the ridge. Thus all of them are commanded by some neighboring height, which could however only be used by a force provided with arms of precision.

Round each village is carried an earthen rampart, six to eight feet high and as many thick, and this is overgrown with a dense covering of shrubs, thin bushes and cactuses so as to be quite impenetrable. Outside this, at a varying distance from the wall, is dug a deep ditch or fosse, which would effectually stop a rush, though it is seldom so broad that an active man could not jump it. The depth however is usually very formidable, and any one falling in, could hardly fail to break a limb, even if his neck escaped. This chasm is very carefully concealed and must be a very effectual safeguard against night attacks.

The only entrance to the village is through a long tunnel. There is usually only one, though sometimes there are two at opposite sides of the village. It is built in the shape of a casemate, most often of posts and slabs of wood, at the sides and on the top, but not uncommonly of earth overgrown with shrubs, specially chosen for the purpose, whose branches intertwine and weave themselves into one another so

as to form a densely reticulated roof. This tunnelled way is not much higher than a Wa, that is to say a few inches over five feet and not quite so much wide, so that two persons cannot pass freely in it, and it winds slightly, so that nothing can be fired up it. None of them are less than thirty yards long and some are as much as one hundred paces. The inner end is closed by a door formed of one, or sometimes two, heavy slabs of wood, fastened by a thick wooden bolt. A Wa village is therefore by no means easy to enter without the approval, or permission of its inhabitants, and as some of them lie right across the main tracks in the country, travelling is by no means easy, and the visitor who feels himself strong enough to protect his head is fain to admit that there are other discouragements nearly as weighty. Consequently there is exceedingly little moving about in the head-hunting country. A few Shans, tolerated as middlemen and resident in the Tame Wa country, and some sturdy Hui Hui, Chinese Mahomedans from the borders of Yünnan, come up yearly with salt and a little rice and perhaps a few cloths, and go back again with loads of opium, but everything has to be carried on the backs of men, for no loaded animal can pass through the narrow village adits. There is very little trade naturally under such circumstances, and the number of those free of the hills is very limited. Salt, however, must be had and the opium from the Wa hills turns over a heavy profit in China and the Shan country.

Inside the fence the houses stand about without any semblance of order. The broken character of the ground would prevent this even if the Wa had any desire to lay out streets, which there is nothing to show that they have. The houses stand on piles and the floor is frequently so high that it is possible to stand erect underneath. They are substantially built of timber and wattled bamboo, much more substantially built than the average Shan house, or indeed the houses of any other hillmen but the Yao-Jen and the Miaotsu, and they are fairly

roomy. In shape they are rather more oblong than square, but they have no verandah such as is always found in a Shan house, and the heavy thatch roof comes down on all four sides to about three feet from the ground. No doubt this is a safeguard against hurricanes and wind-squalls in the hills, but it very effectually excludes all light. A few houses have a sort of small skylight, little lids in the thatch which can be lifted up, but these serve rather as a means of letting out the smoke from the wood fire than as a convenience for illumination. To enter the house one has to stoop low to get under the eaves and then scramble up a somewhat inadequate bamboo ladder, or a still more inadequate sloping post with notches cut in it to serve for foothold. Inside it is almost impossible to see anything either of the furniture or of the inhabitants. In the centre of the main room is a platform of bamboo covered with earth for the fireplace. There are a few stools, about a hand's breadth high, to sit on, a luxury which the Shan denies himself. He either sits on his heels or lies down. Besides this there is nothing unless it be the householder's gun, if he has one, or more probably his sheaf of spears, made of simple lengths of split bamboo, sharpened at both ends and hardened in the fire. In the sleeping rooms, narrow strips under the slope of the roof, there is nothing but a mat or two and a squalid pillow made of raw cotton, or perhaps of a block of bamboo. Stuck in the thatch of the roof are scores of bones, mostly of chickens, which have been used for spying out the future, or ascertaining a lucky day. These are usually so grimed over with smoke that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the thatch.

Each house stands apart on its own plot of uneven ground and is usually enclosed within a slight fence. Inside this is the record of the number of buffaloes the owner has sacrificed to the spirits. For each beast he puts up a forked stick, in shape like the letter Y, or the frame of a catapult.

These are planted in rows and stand ordinarily from seven to ten feet high, though some are smaller. Some houses have rows of these which represent whole herds of buffaloes. No one is so poor but that he has three or four of them. Here and there the more important men of the village have them of huge size, as high as gallows trees and not unlike them in appearance. Sometimes they are painted black and red with rude attempts at ghouls' heads, but ordinarily they are the simple wood, seamed and roughened and split by the rain and scorched and corrugated by the heat of the sun. The heads of the buffaloes with the horns are usually piled up in a heap at one end of the house as a further guarantee of good faith.

Below the house live the pigs and dogs and fowls. These are often allowed to fend for themselves, but frequently the pigs have slab houses built for them and live in holes dug for their accommodation in the ground, into or out of which they dive with startling abruptness. Baskets filled with straw are often hung round the houses for the hens to lay in. The dogs do as they please and live where they like. The Wa eats them regularly, but does not appear to fatten them for the table as the Tongkinese do. The Wa dog is apparently a distinct species. He does not in the least resemble the Chow dog of Kwang-Tung, nor the black stock of Tong King, and appears to be in fact simply a dwarf species of the common Pariah dog of India, yellow, or light-brown short-haired, about the size of a black and tan, but not so long in the leg and with a head not so foxy as that of the Pariah. Dogs are not offered as sacrifices, they simply supply the Wa table.

The house of the *Kraw* or headman of the village is distinguished by the prolongation of the rafters of the gable end of the house into a fork, or species of St. Andrew's Cross. This is sometimes gaily painted or even rudely carved in fantastic fashion, but Wa art is not conspicuous, or rather is thoroughly inconspicuous. Except that

it is usually, but not necessarily, larger than its neighbors, the headman's house does not otherwise differ in any respect. Naturally, however, he has a very large forest of forked sticks indicating the sacrifice of buffaloes. Nevertheless he has not by any means necessarily the largest collection in the village.

The Wa are very heavy drinkers and always have a large supply of rice spirit. But this appears never to be stored actually in the owner's house. It is characteristic of the hill tribes to believe in the general honesty of mankind. Most of them are not civilized enough to be thieves. The Akha habitually store their paddy, the whole produce of their rice-fields and the main staple of their food for the year, in granaries by the side of public roads and often a mile or more away from their villages. They have no means of fastening the doors of these flimsy sheds, better than a bit of twisted rattan, so that any one can go in, and the paddy is piled loose in large split bamboo bins. The reason they give is that the rice so stored is less exposed to destruction by fire. That any one should think of carrying it off never appears to occur to them. The Wa are not quite so confiding, or perhaps they think that the temptation of liquor is greater. But though they do not keep their liquor cellar outside of the limits of the village, they never appear to have it in the immediate neighborhood of their dwelling houses. Round the skirts of the village and usually at the upper end, just inside the earthen circumvallation, each householder builds himself a small hut, about the size of an average hen-house. This stands on piles and is reached by a ladder, and so much confidence is shown that even this ladder does not appear to be removed, even at night. Here the Wa liquor is stowed in long bamboo stoups of considerable girth, piled up on the rafters, or on cross-beams put up for the purpose. These bamboos contain twice as much as the largest Rehoboam, and there are few houses that have not their dozens

of them. The Wa has no fancy to run short in his liquor supply.

The rice they grow is used entirely for making liquor. They eat none of it and, indeed, frequently have to buy more rice so that they may not run out of drink. The spirit is very strong and by no means pleasant in flavor, apart altogether from the fact that it is usually flavored with stramonium, a little of which is always grown for the purpose. Besides the rice spirit, they also make a beverage out of fermented maize, and are particularly fond of eating the barm from which the liquor has been strained off.

Water is always very scarce in Wa villages. Like many of the hill tribes they believe that the neighborhood of water produces fever. Accordingly the village is never built on, or even near, a stream. What water is wanted the women go and fetch in bamboos slung on the back. But occasionally when the water is very distant they build bamboo aqueducts and bring it into the village from considerable distances. Bamboos are split in halves to serve as runnels and these are propped up on wooden struts. The bamboo channels lie loose, overlapping one another at the ends. The advantage of this is that the water can be obtained as long as it is wanted and can be turned off as far from the village as is desirable, by simply lifting off one of the lengths of bamboo. Considerable engineering skill is sometimes shown in winding, or zig-zagging this aqueduct about, when the water is brought from some height above the village, so that the supply of water may not come in with too much violence, as it would if the slope were considerable.

The Wa villages are always of a very remarkable size for mountain settlements, far beyond those of any other hill race in the Shan States. Doubtless this is intended for safety and self-protection. If a village consisted of only a few houses it might offer irresistible temptation to attack. Moreover the formidable works necessary for defence could not easily be executed by a small number. In the

Wild Wa country therefore there are very few villages with less than one hundred households and many have double or treble this number. If a settlement is very large it usually has a whole section of a hill range to itself, or at any rate one side of the slope for its crops. Frequently, however, three or four villages cluster together, but though they acknowledge a common chief, each village has its separate headman, its separate fields, distinct from those of its neighbors, and usually on isolated spurs, or on opposite sides of the slope, and they have their separate feasts. On the outer fringe among the Tame Wa this is not so, the villages are much smaller, they are united in large numbers under one chief and they are defended by fences no more formidable than are essential to keep out wild animals, or wandering cattle. In the Wild country the two most powerful chieftains are Sung Ramang and Ho Hka, in the south and in the north respectively. They are said to rule over a large number of villages, but the tie seems to be rather that of a federation than of a government. Haunches of buffalo and pig and bamboos of liquor are sent at feast times and the quarrel of any one village would be taken up by the whole under the leadership of the chief, but any closer form of sovereignty does not appear to exist. The Wa really form a series of village communities, for the greater part autonomous and independent of one another, but with certain indefinite alliances and agreements for the mutual respect of heads, and possible recognitions of superiority in material strength, with a vague understanding that all shall unite against a common enemy. The chief of Pak-katè, the legendary seat of the race, though possessed of a big village, does not claim and is not admitted to have, any influence beyond his village fields.

It is near his village that the gold mines, famed among the Burmese and Shans, are said to exist. These mines, however, seem to be rather imaginary. They are not worked and never have

been systematically worked. They probably do not amount to more than haphazard holes dug by enterprising visitors, or at the most to rough open cast workings made by a succession of prospectors to the same place. As to the richness of the gold deposit, however, there seems to be no reason to have doubts. Every now and then a handful of gold dust is collected, or a few nuggets brought up for barter, but such events do not occur often, for the gold is of no use to the Wa, and traders are few and far between. Nevertheless, the gold is so easily got that the appearance of a man with a sack full of it would create no excitement. It occurs both in the form of grains in the bed of the rivers, and in that of nuggets which are dug out of the soil of the river banks. There has of course been great exaggeration, but the exaggeration has taken the form of bodying forth the shapes of huge serpents of many coils and enormous length, formed of pure gold, or of counterfeit semblances of stags in the same metal. The latter legend is permanently preserved in the name of the Shwe Thamin Chaung, the Stream of the Golden Deer. As a matter of fact the gold seems to be easily washed out of the deposit of all the streams in the region, which unite to form the Nam Hka. All of them have very narrow valleys, mere five thousand feet gashes in hills rising to seven thousand feet. The Wa, however, object even to washing the gold grains out of the river bed and digging for nuggets is a perilous undertaking which few are bold enough to venture on. This probably accounts for the absence of gold ornaments in the country round about, which otherwise one would have expected as a matter of course in a gold tract. The Shans and La 'Hu account for the indifference of the Wa to the attractions of gold in a variety of ways. They connect it with their legendary ogre ancestors; they are unable to extract the gold, or to make it into ornaments when they have got it; ornaments of any kind are of no use to a people who do not wear any clothes, or so remarkably little in the way of

clothing that its existence may be neglected.

The Wa are certainly not an enterprising, or an ambitious race. Even the Tame Wa, the Wa Hsap Tai, as the Shans call them, those who border on the Shan States, do not do anything beyond cultivating their fields. They do not trade; they do not keep shops; they have no markets of their own, though they sometimes go to those of their Shan neighbors; they never travel beyond their own limits from motives of curiosity, or any other sentiment; the Wild Wa do so in order to get heads, but for no other object. Hundreds of them never leave the range on which they were born. They remain there for all their lives, and probably there are many women whose knowledge of the world is limited to, at the most, a ten mile radius.

They are, however, very good agriculturists. The clearing and cultivation of their steep hillsides implies a life of toil. No field can be reached without a climb up or down the steep mountain side. The buckwheat and maize is never a certain crop, and it is all they have to live on besides their dogs, and pigs, and fowls. The rice they grow to make their liquor, very often is planted three thousand feet or more below the village, and it needs constant attention all through its existence. But their chief crop is the poppy. The hilltops for miles and miles are white with the blossoms in February and March. One can make several days' journey through nothing but opium fields. This is essentially a crop which demands constant attention. The fields have to be carefully cleared and constantly weeded, and when the harvest time comes round the capsules have to be scored with the three-bladed knife at sunset, and the sap collected on leaves at daybreak the next morning. The enormous amount of opium produced shows that the Wa are not a lazy people. Indeed they are an exceedingly well-behaved, industrious, and estimable race, were it not for the one foible of cutting strangers' heads off and neglecting ever to wash themselves.

In appearance they are not altogether attractive. They have short, sturdy figures, perhaps a little too broad for perfect proportion, but many of the men are models of athletic build, and the women, like most of the women of the hill tribes, have very substantial charms and marvellously developed legs. In complexion they are much darker than any of the hill people of this part of Indo-China, even if allowance be made for dirt, for they never wash. They are considerably darker even than the swarthy Akha, who otherwise are the darkest tribe in the hills. The Akha, however, are a totally distinct race, and are remarkable for their size, among races who as a rule are short, while the Wa are smaller even than the Shans. In features the Wa are bullet-headed with square faces and exceedingly heavy jaws. The nose is very broad at the nostrils, but otherwise is much more prominent than that of the Shan who cannot be said to have a bridge to his nose at all. The eyes are round and well opened, and though the brows are by no means low, they are rounded rather than straight. The Tame Wa allow their hair to grow long enough to form a mop of shaggy unkemptness, for they never seem to run even their fingers through it. This gives them a much wilder appearance than the real Wild Wa, who crop their hair short. Heavy eyebrows do not improve the type of face, but on the whole it is not a degraded type and gives no suggestion of the savagery of the head-hunter.

Their dress is soon described. In the hot weather neither men nor women wear anything at all, or only on ceremonial occasions. At other seasons the men wear a strip of coarse cotton cloth about three fingers broad. This is passed between the legs, tied round the waist, and the ends which are tasseled, hang down in front. Viewed as an ornament which seems to be the latter day, ultracivilized object of clothing, it is inconspicuous, or rather conspicuously ineffective. Regarded as a means of protecting or concealing the body, which may be supposed to have been

the first duty of garments, it is absolutely inadequate. In the cold weather they throw a coarse home-woven coverlet—their bed in fact—over their shoulders and throw it off when the sun gets well up.

The women would do well perhaps to adhere constantly to their hot weather dress, a few bead necklaces. They do not, however. For the greater part of the year they think it necessary to wear a petticoat if that can be called a petticoat which is about the size of a napkin and is only about a foot broad. This they twist round the waist, fastening it with a half hitch so that it is open in front. As mere drapery it does not hang gracefully and as a means of concealing the person, it is startlingly obtrusive in its failure. Wa feminine notions as to what is expedient or becoming in this regard are as much at variance with the views of strangers, as the principles of their husbands in respect of strangers' heads, are shocking.

Polyandry is not known. Polygamy is permissible, but is not much practised. Wives are bought, for a few bullocks if the girls are very handsome or of a family of standing; or for a few dogs, if their attractions, which are as easily appraised as those of a horse or a cow, are not so great, or if they are of lower rank. The first child belongs to the parents of the wife, but can be bought by the father and mother if they want it.

They are a very interesting race, and it is a pity that more is not known of them. Investigation of their manners and customs, however, is not to be lightly undertaken and could not be prosecuted even by the most enthusiastic student of folklore, without many jars to his finer feelings, and possibly, qualms for his personal safety.

Nevertheless they cannot long remain shut up in their hills and their head-hunting will probably be stopped before the end of the century. The railway from Mandalay to the Kun Lông ferry will land the tourist within a few marches of the Nawng Hkeo lake, in the centre of the head-cutting country.

This gloomy mere, situated at the highest point of a range seven thousand feet high, without a fish in its waters, and with tangled forest growth covering the whole cup in which it lies, down to the edge of its waters, may yet become a show place and an avenue of skulls figure as a scene in a Savoy comic opera. But it may be hoped that the manners and customs of the Was will have been conscientiously recorded for us by a competent student before then.

From The Fortnightly Review.
AN OBJECT LESSON IN CHRISTIAN
DEMOCRACY.

From out the labyrinth of programme and pamphlet, of congress and conference, by means of which men of every party attempt to contribute their quota of light towards the elucidation of social problems, it seems sometimes an almost impossible task to disentangle and follow up any one consecutive school of thought. Points of difference are rendered more apparent by controversy than principles of union, and personal rivalries serve to obscure fundamental points of contact. For Catholics, happily, the Herculean task of seeking for guiding principles amongst the tangled web of rival panaceas presented to the bewildered gaze of the social student, has been once for all enormously simplified by the issue of the Papal Encyclical (May, 1891) on the condition of the working classes. The voice of the Church never out-distances by very far the general consensus of Catholic feeling and religious tendency. Her special rôle is not to initiate a new policy, but to gather together, unify, and crystallize all the nascent germs of social and religious activity, and direct them into a well-defined channel. So it has been with the existing labor questions. Cardinal Gibbons in America, Cardinal Manning in England, Bishop Ketteler in Rhenish Prussia, had all taken their stand on a Christian democratic platform many years before the appearance

of the Encyclical "*Rerum Novarum*;" and the lines along which the Catholic democratic movement is advancing to-day had been laid down both in Europe and in America long before the pope thought fit to commit himself and his successors to any definite expression of sympathy. The ground being thus prepared, Leo XIII. issued his now celebrated Encyclical with the full knowledge that his sowing would not fall on barren or untilled soil. His wise foresight has been amply vindicated, and on the Continent, far more than in England, it becomes evident to the social student that for the last four and a half years the Papal Encyclical has acted at once as a rallying ground and a point of departure for all the Christian and democratic tendencies disseminated amongst Catholic nations. The holy father has skilfully held all the threads of the movement in his own hands, and has kept in close personal touch with the popular leaders. By speech and by private audience, by letters to the Comte de Mun, to the Abbé Naudet, to Monsignor Doutreloup, to M. Decurtins, to the Abbé Pottier, he has imparted month by month encouragement and advice, and has, generally speaking, kept the Catholic democratic movement within the lines laid down in his Encyclical. It need hardly be said that this has proved an enormous source of strength to the Catholic party, and that while, on the one hand, Socialists and Anarchists have been torn in two over the choice not only of leaders and of tactics, but even of principles, there has been evolved on the other a recognized school of Christian Democracy, with representatives in various nations, with intercommunication between its various branches, and above all, with a certain fund of universally accepted principles, the binding force of which not even national antagonisms and personal rivalries have been strong enough to destroy.

But the Catholic democratic party in France has had a further advantage over the anti-Catholic Socialist schools. It can point not only to principles, but to facts, not only to dreams for the

future, but to accomplishments in the present, not only to what might be, but to what, in one spot at least, really is. While many men have talked and written and agitated, one man has devoted a lifetime to putting into practice at his own expense the principles which received the imprimatur of the pope in the labor Encyclical. This man is Leon Harmel, the owner and the organizer of a certain wool-spinning factory at Val-des-Bois, near Reims, which offers to the world that object lesson in Christian Democracy, the main features of which I hope to describe in the present article. After Comte Albert de Mun, his friend and fellow-worker, Harmel is the foremost Catholic layman of his country. He is a veritable nineteenth-century apostle of the working man. It was he who organized the first French workmen's pilgrimages to Rome, and who, though neither an orator by nature, nor a politician by training, has spoken and lectured all over France, and far beyond her boundaries, on the rights of the working man and the duties of the capitalist, and above all on Christian Faith as the sole basis of human progress and welfare. A fine, strong, simple nature is Harmel's, uniting as he does at once keen business capacity with unlimited kindness of heart, irrepachable moral rectitude with unusual intellectual power, the possession of considerable wealth with a truly Franciscan simplicity of living. His unaffected humility in the midst of his remarkable economic and industrial successes is, perhaps, his most pleasing trait, and can only be accounted for by the fact that his whole career has been dominated by a single-hearted desire to serve God and the Catholic Church, which to him is the one and only possible exponent of the Divine Will. To Harmel Leo XIII. has extended both a paternal approbation and a brotherly friendship, and year by year the French manufacturer is received in private audience at the Vatican, bringing with him a store of up-to-date information on the practical minutæ of all those questions that lie nearest to the heart of the

aged pontiff; while as late as May of the present year Leo XIII. gave a final seal to his many expressions of satisfaction by the cordial words, "I approve, Harmel, of all you have done in the past, all you are doing to-day, and all you intend to do."

For it is emphatically in "doing" that Leon Harmel's great strength lies, and no one can judge fully either of the man or of his work without a visit to Warmériville in the Val-des-Bois, the pleasant little wooded valley watered by the Suipe where the Harmel wool-spinning factory has stood for over half a century. From Reims and its great cathedral, with its incomparable thirteenth-century glass, its marvellous tapestries, and its reminiscences of every French king, from Clovis to Charles X., a short half hour in the train across the treeless plains of Champagne brings one to this little oasis of industrial peace in the desert of universal class antagonisms and commercial warfare. The smoke from the great chimneys does not apparently affect the vegetation, and the factory buildings, the homes of Leon Harmel and his married sons and relations, the schools of the children and the cottages of the workmen, are all clustered round the church in the midst of green trees and pleasant shrubberies, most restful to the eye and brain. It was at the little wayside station, one broiling morning last August, that I first made acquaintance with Harmel—a strongly built, broad-shouldered, elderly man, whose plain, clean-shaven face was noteworthy at the very first glance for its expression of quiet strength and imperturbable resolve. From the very outset of our long talk I realized how entirely his whole life is absorbed by the work he has set himself to do, how completely he lives for his workmen alone and for the principles he holds dear. "Le bon père" is the name by which Harmel is known not only in his own domestic family, but by all the members, men, women, and children, of that wider industrial family of twelve hundred souls towards whom his Christian principles have inspired him to act

a father's part. Rich as he is, it would be as impossible for "Le bon père" to live in some luxurious mansion—like ninety-nine out of every hundred successful manufacturers—well away from the scene of his money-making labors, as for an affectionate mother to establish her nursery at a distance from her own home. He is as utterly devoid of social ambitions as of petty vanity, and, most wonderful of all, he has successfully indoctrinated his children, both sons and daughters, with interests and enthusiasms identical with his own.

To describe Val-des-Bois, and in any way to ignore, or even to slur over, the broad religious basis upon which the whole work is founded, would be to convey a totally false impression of the place. The whole establishment is as frankly and confessedly Catholic as any monastery, with the one important proviso that there is no compulsion in any form; and it is solely and entirely to their essentially Christian character that Harmel himself attributes the vast measure of social and economic success by which his various schemes have been crowned. It was thoroughly characteristic of the man that he should have led me first of all to the chapel—a little simple country structure dedicated to the Sacred Heart and to "Notre Dame de l'Usine," special protectress of factories, and adorned with statues of St. Francis, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Vincent of Paul, the faithful friends of the poor and the humble. Here there is no sumptuous ecclesiastical display; all is simple and reverent, even with a certain air of austere poverty about it, in harmony with the lives of those who frequent it. Congregational singing is much encouraged at all the services, and indeed the whole musical part, whether choral or instrumental, of the religious functions and open-air processions is entrusted to the people themselves. This church, be it understood, is not the parish church, but the private chapel of the factory. The expenses are entirely borne by the Harmel firm, together with those of the three priests who minister to the wants of the factory hands, of the Christian

Brothers who teach in the boys' school, and of the active community of nuns who have charge of the education of the girls, and exercise a beneficent influence over every household in the village.

But before entering into details concerning some of the practical institutions that lend to Val-des-Bois its unique interest, it will be better to give some outline of the general principles upon which Harmel has uniformly acted. According to the Christian Democratic School the duties of an employer towards his workpeople are as clearly defined and as all-embracing as those of a constitutional monarch towards his subjects. The duties, indeed, far outnumber the privileges; capital becomes the handmaiden of labor and the employer the servant of the employed. In Leon Harmel's "Catéchisme du Patron," a most valuable little book that might profitably be translated into English, he lays down in simple language, cast into catechetical form, the fundamental principles which should govern the conduct of all large employers of labor, and it is only fair to say that he himself faithfully acts up to his own teaching. Harmel starts with the assumption that all large conglomerations of workers for industrial purposes carry with them certain inherent dangers, both social and moral, against which it is the special duty of the employer to guard. This can only be done through the re-constitution of the "famille ouvrière," consisting of both employer and employed, on a Christian basis. Whereas the whole modern industrial system of Europe and America is based on the avowed assumption of a fundamental antagonism between capital and labor, which it may or may not be possible to bridge over by human contrivances, Harmel urges their perfect identity of interests. Like Le Play, with whose ideals he has much in common, he aims at a general strengthening of family ties—even now stronger in France than they are with us—with an increase of parental authority; and, in return for services rendered, he is prepared to entrust the

employer with a far larger measure of moral authority than he usually enjoys at present. "To organize with wisdom and prudence, to govern with justice and charity" are the words in which he sums up the duties of the "patron." The moral, religious, and educational welfare of his workpeople fall as strictly within this sphere as their actual industrial labor. The "patron" has only fulfilled a portion of his duty when he has paid fair wages for work done, has provided sanitary workshops, has made provision against accidents, and abolished, as far as may be, night labor. It is further his bounden duty to allow his people every reasonable facility for the fulfilment of their religious duties, to shield them from immoral influences, to disseminate wholesome and Christian literature among them, to provide them with well-built cottages, garden-plots, and the means of healthy recreation, to superintend the training of his apprentices, to actively encourage thrift, and, generally speaking, to come to the practical assistance of his workpeople in all cases of illness, accident, or misfortune. Should neither church nor Christian schools be situated within easy reach of his factory hands, the wealthy employer is bound to provide both the one and the other from his own resources. It is distinctly laid down that he has no right to beat down wages to the lowest market rate, for "the labor of man is not an object of barter, but a human act," and is consequently subject to moral laws. Amongst the means by which the "patron" may hope to beneficially influence his "hands," Harmel specially recommends workmen's associations, which, as we shall see, play such an important rôle in the life of Val-des-Bois. But he adds the important proviso that they should be governed autonomously by the members themselves, "otherwise it would resolve itself into a patronage without initiative or action, and, as regards the workmen themselves, without result." By degrees these associations will serve to build up a corporation somewhat on the model of the mediæval

guilds with combined economic and recreative objects, whose re-establishment in modern form it is the Utopian dream of Harmel to bring about.

Such are the general outlines of the principles on which Leon Harmel has acted in building up his work of moral and economic reform at Warmériville. At the Harmel factories the visitor is at first positively bewildered by the number and the seeming intricacy of the organizations. But on a little further acquaintance the feeling is changed into one of unstinted admiration before the harmonious completeness of the scheme, which embraces within its sphere every single class of individuals. At the present time the institutions amount to over thirty, each governed by a committee elected by the members themselves, and meeting at frequent intervals. For convenience' sake these various institutions, which together form the corporation or mixed syndicate of Val-des-Bois, legally constituted and registered, according to the French law, in August, 1885, are classified as follows under four heads:—

I. Fundamental Associations.

II. Corporative and Economic Institutions.

III. Societies for Moral Preservation.

IV. Works of Piety.

The first class comprehends, within the sphere of its seven sections, the vast majority of the men, women, and children connected with the factory. All the sections are established on a purely religious basis and are intended to serve as a religious bond uniting all the workers; each observes a special feast-day in the year, and the members meet together on Sunday afternoons for devotional purposes, otherwise the conditions of membership require nothing further than what is expected of an ordinary practising Catholic. The men's association, open to all men over eighteen, and possessing a membership of over three hundred, constitutes for all practical purposes a Catholic workmen's club. The members have the use of a large airy club-room provided with

six billiard tables, besides a lending library, a stock of games, and a refreshment bar, all under their own control, the room being open every evening of the week and all day on Sundays. Here conferences are given, debates carried on, and the monthly meetings of all the members held, at which social and economic questions are largely discussed.

For the boys from thirteen to sixteen there exists the "petit cercle," and for those still at school the Association of St. Louis Gonzaga, which, apart from religious objects, are mostly occupied in organizing games, country walks, and amusements of all sorts, besides cultivating in the children a spirit of "camaraderie" and mutual help, a point on which Harmel lays great stress.

The women and girls are organized in sections on similar lines, and are under the supervision of the Sacred Heart nuns who teach in the school. With the married women is associated a little band of "Dames Patronesses," and together they occupy themselves with many domestic and maternal questions, simple lectures being given at the monthly meetings on domestic economy and hygiene, besides explanations of any scheme that the firm wishes to promote, or any changes in contemplation. For it is one of Harmel's theories that the mothers of families have a right to be consulted on any scheme affecting the moral or economic well-being of the family, and his experience has taught him that without the goodwill of the "mère de famille," so potent a personality in the French social system, it is almost impossible to carry any plan to a successful issue.

Turning to the Corporative and Economic Sections, it should first be mentioned that the whole industrial colony of Val-des-Bois is governed by a Central Committee, consisting of the members of the firm—no less than seven members of the Harmel family figure on the list—the resident priests, and certain directors and managers, the committee acting as the ultimate arbiter in all matters under dispute.

A more strictly consultative body, but entrusted also with large powers of supervision, is the Conseil Syndical on which the employers and employed are equally represented. Hence the title of Mixed Syndicate of Val-des-Bois. All workmen over eighteen years of age have a vote for the Conseil Syndical, and any man is eligible who, being a Frenchman, has worked three years in the factory. No step of any sort is taken, no fresh development is initiated, before it has been exhaustively discussed by the Conseil Syndical, and the opinion of every member ascertained. The Conseil is indeed the very backbone of the whole industrial edifice; its meetings are held monthly, and twice a year there is a general meeting of all the members of the Syndicate.

The Professional Committee is, again, a separate body, to which all the various classes of labor employed in the factory elect a delegate, and which takes cognizance of all questions concerning internal discipline, the training of apprentices, the prevention of accidents and so on. Very limited authority is bestowed on the overseers and foremen, although for the most part they are selected from amongst the workers themselves; it is only within their power to inflict very small fines for infraction of the rules, and all serious offences must be brought under the immediate notice of the firm. As regards fines it is worth noting that with over six hundred workers employed, the fines for the last year barely amounted to twenty francs. Special care is taken that the apprentices, both male and female, should have the necessary technical training for the due mastery of their craft. As far as possible fathers are entrusted with the apprenticeship of their sons, an arrangement rendered possible by the fact that whole families are employed in the factory, and that long service is the rule and not the exception. Quite recently a Company of Veterans was formed of all workers who have been in the employ of the firm for over a quarter of a century, and it already numbers over fifty members

of both sexes, whilst one hundred more have worked for periods of over ten years.

In going round the factory, as I had the pleasure of doing in the company of M. Harmel, it did not require the eye of an expert to discover the many excellent features which distinguish the place. Nothing was more apparent than that a splendid business capacity lay at the back of the whole concern. Everything was in the most perfect order; silently, quickly, and steadily every hand was at work. The great building—or rather series of buildings—is but one story high, allowing of the rooms to be thoroughly well lit and ventilated from the roof. Everything was clean, airy, and cheerful, and even on a hot summer's day there were absolutely no impure odors to be detected. In the winter months hot-air pipes maintain the temperature at a suitable level. The most rigid precautions are taken for the prevention of accidents, and, as a matter of fact, no serious accident has occurred for some years. A double system of signals announces the starting of any machinery, and it is strictly forbidden to do any cleaning or repairing while the machines are in motion.

I must confess that what interested me most in the factory was the sight of the girl workers, of whom there are some two hundred employed. It was almost impossible to realize that these neat, smooth-haired maidens, with placid, innocent faces, dressed in simple and convenient cotton skirts and blouses, and nearly all wearing, as their sole adornment, the much-coveted blue ribbon of the "*enfant de Marie*," belonged really to the same class as the factory girl, as we know her in the East End of London, with her flashy clothes, her preposterous hat, her terrible fringe. The contrast was positively startling. At Val-des-Bois the girls work in quite separate "*ateliers*" from the men, the latter engaged in the dyeing and spinning departments, while to the former is entrusted the charge of the winding machines. As these are all of the most recent and improved

patterns, they require comparatively few hands to serve them, and the work, which demands nothing beyond attention and neat-handedness, is eminently suitable for female labor. Thus, although the French law admits children into factories at the age of thirteen, there were no signs of anæmia or physical lassitude among the workers, some of whom looked mere children. This, of course, is largely due to the hygienic conditions under which the work is carried on, and to the fact that Val-des-Bois is really situated in the open country, and that even from the factory windows pleasant glimpses of green foliage may be obtained.

But the very marked superiority of these girls is the result quite as much of their moral as of their physical conditions. Up to the age of seventeen every girl is compelled to devote one hour a day, deducted from her working hours, to self-improvement, her time being mostly spent in the "*école ménagère*" attached to the convent, while one hour a week is given to religious instruction. Inside the workshop their moral character and their general well-being are safeguarded by an organization for which M. Harmel undoubtedly deserves the greatest credit, which I should much like to see introduced into England, and which obviates the most common objections to factory-labor for young women. Though the girls work apart from the men, it is obvious that with endless lengths of whirling machinery, the work must be closely supervised by male engineers and male foremen. How to protect the girls from the caprices, the possible tyranny, the familiarity, or worse, of these men, some of whom are necessarily chosen more for their mechanical skill than for their moral character, was a problem which gave "*le bon père*" much anxious thought. His remedy is as simple as it is effective. The girls elect from among themselves a certain number of "*conseillères d'ateliers*," or monitors, three for each of the large "*ateliers*." It is the duty of these *conseillères*, while attending to their own machines,

to keep a friendly watch over the needs of their neighbors and to render them any little help that may be required. They are emphatically the servants and not the overseers of their companions. Each is possessed of a little metal token, and should any girl, for any reason of health, or any valid reason whatsoever, wish to leave the factory during working hours, she applies, not to the foreman, but to the nearest *conseillère*, and once provided with the token she may pass out without hindrance. It can be seen at a glance what a protection such a system affords to young and innocent girls. Moreover, in any case of attempted familiarity on the part of a foreman towards any of his hands, the *conseillère* is ready not only with a word of kindly advice to the recipient, but also of warning to the originator of the misplaced attentions. At Val-des-Bois the permission to leave the factory is mainly used by the girls who wish to go to confession, for Harmel rightly holds that to condemn men and women to spend perhaps hours on a Saturday evening, or the eve of a Feast, waiting their turn at the confessional after work hours, would be a distinct discouragement to regularity in their religious duties. But apart from this point, it is obvious that a girl might rightly wish to leave her work for reasons which it would be an insult to her modesty to expect her to confide in a foreman, and Harmel assured me that he had not reason to suppose the system was ever abused. The girls always select the *conseillères* for their high moral character, and once a month these meet together to draw up a report for the central committee, incorporating any complaints their companions may wish to make, together with their own suggestions, and these, when possible, are always acted upon. The whole system is, as I have said, so simple and so effective, so educational in the highest sense, and so calculated to develop the best side of a girl's nature, that I hope very much the idea may be taken up by some of our women workers, and adapted to English requirements. Of all Harmel's many schemes for cheating

the devil, this one for the protection of his workgirls is that which affords him the most unqualified satisfaction.

The Eight Hours movement has not as yet made much progress in France, and at the Harmel factory the hands work from a quarter to six in the morning till six in the evening, with two intervals, one of a quarter of an hour, and one of an hour's duration, during the day. As a set-off to such long hours it must be remembered that all the important Feast-days of the Church are, like Sundays, regularly observed, so that, as I gathered from a return extending over three months, the working days are only on an average eleven to the fortnight. Moreover, as all the workers live in the immediate vicinity of the factory, no time is lost in going to and from their work. A sensible regulation, and one, I believe, frequently to be met with on the Continent, provides that all the married women, of whom the number is not large, and all the girls who may be responsible for the family dinner, shall leave the factory half an hour before the midday rest.

The oldest of the economic institutions of Val-des-Bois is the Society for Mutual Help, of which every male and female worker is *ipso facto* a member, but in so far as it simply fulfils all the ordinary and well-known functions of a sick-club, I need enter into no details concerning it.

As a more direct inducement to habits of thrift, a savings-bank has been organized in connection with the firm, and it is open to every workman to leave a portion, however small, of his wages on the fortnightly pay day in the hands of the cashier, the firm undertaking to pay five per cent. interest on all such sums up to one thousand francs. Even the little children at school are encouraged by their teachers to put by their halfpence to be added to the same fund. As regards the girl workers, Harmel discovered that saving presented peculiar difficulties for them, as the parents laid claim to the major portion of their earnings. To obviate this hardship the firm undertakes to

present every girl on her marriage with a sum equal to that which she has been able to lay by, up to one hundred francs, an arrangement which, needless to say, has proved highly popular and eminently successful.

Even more important in their economic and moral results are the co-operative stores, possessed of a capital of twenty thousand francs, and entirely managed by the workmen themselves. They include a very flourishing bakery and a "petit magasin," or general store, ready money payments being, of course, an absolute rule at both establishments, which practically monopolize all the custom of the working class community. After paying six per cent. interest to shareholders, the society distributes its net profits between the shareholders and the purchasers, one-eighth to the former and seven-eighths to the latter, a sum usually amounting to five per cent. on all purchases. Purchasers enjoy the further advantage of a "boni corporatif," a bonus derived from a sum of five per cent. reserved on all purchases made at the stores. This sum, which brings in interest at the rate of five per cent., is placed in the savings-bank in the name of the holder, and thus creates without, so to speak, any effort on the part of the holder, a little reserve fund, which can only be drawn out (1) when the owner has reached the age of fifty, (2) when he leaves the factory for good, (3) when he dies. With all these means at his disposal, with his "boni corporatif," his share in the profits of the stores, and the sum that he himself may have put by at high interest in the savings-bank, together with the numerous advantages to be derived from the Mutual Help Society, from the system of ready-money payments, and from the practical certainty that his daughter will be provided with a *dot* and he himself with a life-pension in case of permanent disablement from accident, the workman at the Harmel factory undoubtedly enjoys very solid economic advantages. The yearly sum saved by all these different means is calculated at

more than eighty thousand francs, and is steadily on the increase. Moreover the workman incurs no travelling expenses, for he is lodged on the spot in a sanitary, well-built, four-roomed cottage, for which he pays a strictly moderate rent, and to which is invariably attached an ample strip of garden ground. His old age is provided for by light work as long as he is fit for any sort of labor, and by a pension granted by the firm to supplement his savings for his last years of lingering decrepitude. But even this does not exhaust the list of the benefactions to which he may lay claim. It may yet happen, in spite of all these advantages, that a workman in receipt of full wages according to the accepted wage tariff may be in a chronic state of poverty bordering on want, owing to the fact of his wife's ill-health or the size of his young family. In such cases the firm comes to his direct assistance. Harmel has calculated that the indispensable minimum on which a family can live in decent comfort is 4.50 francs per head per week. If from unavoidable causes the combined family earnings do not amount to this sum, the firm supplies what is lacking until such time as the children's earnings come to supplement the parent's wages. This forms, of course, a direct charge on the firm which may amount to thirty francs or forty francs per week, and one which from the ordinary point of view would be entirely beyond anything that could rightly be demanded of it. But Harmel's Christian conscience would be outraged as long as a single workman in his employ could not maintain himself and his family in decent comfort. Finally, I must mention that a special committee is responsible for the purchase of the wine and spirits required for the bar in the men's club. Total abstinence is not a virtue which is ever practised in France, but any tendency to drunkenness at the club is kept in check, first by public opinion, and secondly by the adoption of what is practically the Gothenburg system. The goods are all purchased by a committee of the club members, and the

sale is entrusted to the care of a salaried clerk who has no possible interest in encouraging the consumption of drink. No alcohol is allowed to be sold anywhere within the factory precincts, except at the club, and as a matter of fact the "drink-fiend" is not one of the crying social evils with which Harmel has to cope.

I have left myself but little space to speak of the Societies for Moral Preservation and the Works of Piety. The former have in view the healthy recreation of the people, and include, amongst others, a "*Société de Jeunesse*" for young men, which organizes Sunday fêtes and dramatic entertainments, athletic and reading societies, and, most important of all, a choral society and two bands—one for brass and one for string instruments. The musicians occupy a prominent position in both the religious and social life of the place, for not only do they provide all the music for the religious services, but the brass band plays every Sunday afternoon in the grounds of the factory, the string band is called upon to give two or three concerts every year, and the Choral Society takes an active part in every form of fête and festivity. A large room with a stage has been built where the young people of both sexes can spend the evening, and where every sort of harmless entertainment takes place. On Sundays all the spacious yards and shrubberies are thrown open to the workpeople, who also have use of an excellent bowling-green.

Of the religious confraternities it will be enough to say here that they are all designed with the object of bringing religion more vividly home to the members, of sanctifying family life, and above all, of spreading a missionary spirit amongst the people, for experience has taught Harmel that neither by his own efforts as head of the firm, nor yet by those of the priests whose services he has secured, can a religious spirit be diffused through the community without the active co-operation of the members themselves. And so a zealous though discreet apostolate is ceaselessly carried on by numbers of

the men amongst their factory companions, by the girls amongst themselves, even by the little children at their games and lessons. The example of a companion is found to be far more potent than the preaching of a superior, and in the preliminary work of persuading a man or woman to join in the church services the priest is easily out-distanced by the fellow-worker. As I have already stated, no religious compulsion of any sort is employed by the firm, and all the economic advantages are enjoyed by the workers as a right, and have absolutely no connection with absence from or presence at Sunday mass; but the moral suasion brought to bear on all absentees is undoubtedly very strong, and can be exercised all the more freely from the fact that in France there is practically no question of proselytism from one form of Christian faith to another. The whole religious battle lies between Catholicism on the one side and freethought and religious indifference on the other. Indeed, in the majority of cases, it is more a question of morals than of faith, so that dogma does not as a rule play a large part in the work of conversion. There is, however, always a certain percentage of men and women who, either from principle or from indifference, absent themselves from the religious services—these, it is naturally a satisfaction to M. Harmel to know, grow every year fewer in number, and are mostly to be found among the newcomers.

To sum up, two ideals, the one religious, the other economic, underlie all the work that is carried on by the Harmel family. The first object is to make of the average workman a good Christian; the second to train him into an independent, self-supporting, self-respecting citizen. In Harmel's opinion it is absolutely indispensable that the religious motive should precede that which is social. Step by step the people have been prepared both morally and socially to take their share in the free community life of Val-des-Bois, and as a result they have fully responded to the trust that has been reposed in them.

Harmel assured me that an ever-increasing number of his men realized to the full his social and religious ideals, and devoted all their energies to living up to them and to spreading them among their fellow-workmen. It is not, he maintains, the material advantages which excite their enthusiasm, but the religious spirit. He preaches to them incessantly the doctrines of altruism and mutual service, and he can testify personally to innumerable acts of touching devotion and service amongst his men. All the recreative institutions are accepted primarily as a means of giving amusement to others, and in this way the religious ideal has come to permeate the simplest things of life in the minds of the people.

In Harmel's opinion the mixed syndicate is the highest practical expression that modern industrial enterprise can adopt. He does not believe in any form of profit-sharing as between employer and employed, for to make the employed suffer in any way for the business failures of the firm, appears to him unjust and impracticable, and to allow them to profit by the successes without taking the risks of the losses, he regards as an undesirable form of charity. Nor does Harmel rely on the efficacy of factory legislation, but rather on the moral force of custom as established by the practice of model factories. In this he shows himself a disciple of Le Play, though to custom and the Ten Commandments which the French economist regarded as the true and necessary basis of industrial peace and stability, Harmel would add an active love of God, manifested in a sense of social obligations. With Le Play he is, needless to add, a bitter antagonist of the Manchester school of political economy, whose principles of supply and demand, carried to their logical conclusion, have helped to turn the industrial area into a market where human labor is purchased at the lowest price to which competition can drive it. At Val-des-Bois such a thing as a strike—that brutal remedy for fundamentally immoral conditions of labor—is absolutely unknown. There can occur no

violent clash between interests which are regarded on both sides as strictly identical. In his views on authority, Leon Harmel is singularly broad-minded. He has long realized that the secondary authority of the men strengthens, rather than weakens, the ultimate authority of the master, and hence he feels no hesitation in delegating a portion of his powers to his factory hands.

It is not for a moment assumed—Harmel himself would be the last person to put forward any such claim—that the institutions of Val-des-Bois are all of original growth. Many of them, in an isolated condition, may be found in industrial centres, both in England and on the Continent. But no factory, I venture to think, can boast so complete an organization as Val-des-Bois, and nowhere is the altruistic spirit so strongly developed. The practical question is how much of it all would bear transplantation to English and Protestant soil? The mixed council, the institutions for the encouragement of thrift, the "*conseillères d'atelier*" could be organized without difficulty by any English manufacturer who set to work in the right way. But I venture to think that the French, as a nation, will submit to a far larger measure of social organization than we in England should ever be prepared to swallow, and that the very comprehensiveness of the Harmel scheme would constitute one of its greatest drawbacks from the point of view of the British working man, who is, above all, an individualist. Our young people would never accept the amount of parental control that Harmel advocates, and his paternal interest on the subject of the literature and the newspapers indulged in by his workmen, would be regarded by English mechanics as intolerable supervision. Social problems can never be treated by any cut and dried system, yet all, I think, will be agreed that a diffusion amongst English capitalists of the spirit which inspires the "*Catéchisme du Patron*," would do more for the industrial conditions of our laboring classes than

a whole session of beneficent legislation.

That Harmel exercises to-day a far-reaching influence over his countrymen there can be no shadow of doubt. In England we are too prone to assume that the fight in France between Catholicism and Freethought has already been fought and lost by the Church. In reality the struggle is being carried strenuously forward in every diocese of the land, even if at times against fearful odds, and it is in a great measure to laymen such as Harmel that the Church is indebted for the hold that she still maintains over a portion of the French nation. With Le Maistre and Ozanam, with Montalembert and the Comte de Mun, he can claim the credit of fighting the battles of Christianity on social and educational, rather than on dogmatic lines, and with them he will be classed by his fellow-countrymen among the great Catholic laymen of the nineteenth century.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
FURNESS ABBEY, AND ITS STORY.

On the extreme north-westerly portion of Lancashire, in a district severed from the body of the county by the wide-spreading bay of Morecambe, lie the mouldering remains of a famous religious house. The scene has been depicted by the brush of the painter, reverently investigated by the antiquary, and trodden by the feet of the architectural and the historical pilgrim. Nor is it surprising, for the ruins are those of the once powerful Abbey of St. Mary at Furness, one of the ancient glories of the county palatine of Lancaster. Among the many mementoes of the instability of human institutions in which this county abounds, we know of none more pathetic than these. If stones can preach, assuredly these could preach; if stones could cry out, these stones assuredly might cry out. For the most part, the history of an abbey is written in consequence of the

important, exciting, or instructive events that have had birth within its walls. Notwithstanding, the history of an abbey may be both entertaining and useful, although it has not been the stage on which splendid actions have been performed. Let us, then, caution our readers at the beginning that they must not expect from us an architectural dissertation on Furness Abbey, but instead thereof a recital of some passages from its chequered annals.

Before the Normans landed on our shores, under the command of Duke William, in 1066, we know nothing of Furness, either from oral tradition or from written tradition. An impenetrable obscurity hangs over this period. But after the Conquest the darkness begins to break. We search the Latin chronicles of monastic history, and we find that Furness under Norman rule was inhabited by Roger de Poicton, a Norman baron, to whom Duke William had granted it. What this person said or did to merit banishment from the realm by his liege or lord we cannot tell, but banished he was, and whether his tenure was long or short, certain it is that it came to an end. Furness changed hands. The king transferred it to Stephen, Count of Bologna, who conferred it upon a colony of monks at Savigny. These monks belonged to an order, which was the stem of a greater, which had been founded in conjunction with another by Stephen Harding, a monk of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, at Cistercium or Cîteaux, in Burgundy, on Palm Sunday, in the year 1098. From that time onwards the monks of this peculiar order were termed Cistercians, and their foundations were soon to be found in every quarter of Europe. This is not the place for any detailed account of the Cistercian order. Whoever has dipped into the pages of the singularly attractive and solid work of Mr. Beck, the "*Annales Furnesienses*," will have perused what we conceive to be one of the most luminous expositions of the principles on which the famous order was conducted. All that we can say of it here is that, like all others, it grew by degrees in enormous wealth

and power, riches continuing to flow into their capacious treasuries with a rapidity truly marvellous.

The first monkish colony from the Savignian monastery, of which we have spoken, arrived in the neighborhood of Furness some time during the year 1124, when the first Henry had been king of England nearly a quarter of a century. It is a matter for regret that some member of this band did not constitute himself its chronicler. A record of their journey at this distance of time would have been worth its weight in gold to the historical student, for the time present is always eager to learn of times past. Fastidious curiosity satiated, it would seem, with the rich, indigestible delicacies of the present, turns with avidity to the potted meats of the past. Like Ulysses of old, they saw many cities, and were furnished with opportunities of studying the minds of many men and the manners of many countries. But we should labor under a grave misapprehension were we to suppose that the England of that day bore any very close resemblance to that in which we live. Their first halting-place was Tulket, in Amournders, where they remained under the guardianship of their leader, the first abbot of the subsequent abbey, Ewan d'Avranches, three years. But the peninsula of Furness, or, as it was then called, Futher, proved a too irresistible attraction. The keen eye of the monks detected in it a spot created for monastic retirement. Nature had been lavishing upon it all her charms. Its lofty mountains, its softly swelling hills, its wood-crowned heights, its gentle vales, all marked it out for monks. Representing the desirability of the accession of this fair domain to Count Stephen of Mostam and Boulogne, it was given to them in 1127. The spot was thus won. An abbey was soon to rise. In that sequestered, deep, and narrow vale, in which the traveller sees nought but crumbling ruins now—in that smiling valley, known as the valley of the Nightshade, building operations were commenced, of what in its pristine perfection was one of the most exten-

sive and important monastic establishments in all our realm.

Exactly eleven years after the foundation of the abbey had been laid, its great benefactor, Stephen, as nephew of Henry I., was elected king of England. This event gave great cause for joy and satisfaction to the abbot of Furness and his twelve monks. By the conditions of their donations they had prayed for the souls of their founder and his family. But monks were only human, and it would have been strange had they omitted to pray for his temporal welfare, and his unabated interest in their abbey. We may assume, however, in the absence of anything directly leading us to a contrary opinion, that Stephen's interest after his accession was but lukewarm. Enemies both at home and abroad left him little leisure for contemplation, and engrossed all his energies. Fightings and fears within and without were his portion in the land of the living. Possibly Abbot Ewan d'Avranches saw little of his benefactor; he died in 1134, leaving behind him a reputation for piety, learning, and eloquence. "*Magne scientie et non minoris sanctitatis vir.*" says the Furness Register, and again, "*hicque fecundus.*"

During the two centuries which followed the death of Abbot d'Avranches the monks, under a succession of abbots, rapidly accumulated territorial possessions through the piety of benefactors of every rank. Their ample stores included the benefactions of both princes and peasants. Both in England and in Ireland their estates were numerous, extensive, and productive. Not always, however, did an abbot create favorable impressions among those whom he was sent to govern. Why it was so does not appear; whether he was haughty, imperious, overbearing, or what not, is not recorded. Possibly it was a case of

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell:
Only this I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

The case of John Cockan, the twenty-

sixth abbot, affords a case in point. Abbot Cockan's appointment evoked such serious dissensions and disturbances among some of the monks that the aid of a special visitor from Cîteaux was called in. But even his presence did little to soothe the contentious parties, and only by means of letters patent, which the king directed to some of the Yorkshire abbots, commanding them to assist the Cistercian visitor in restoring unity, peace, and concord, were the disturbances allayed. But this was as nothing when an abbot was found in the capacity of a smuggler. Robert—we do not know his surname—was the delinquent. Whether he found that life at Furness was monotonous, or whether his lordship got crossed in love, which diverted his thoughts from the contemplative life, and made him pine for a life of adventure, or whether the pride of life triumphed over the vows of the priesthood and the cloister, we cannot pretend to say; only this we know, astounding as it may seem to some of our readers, that Abbot Robert was convicted of smuggling. "Avarice," says the learned Fosbroke, in his "History of British Monarchism," "was the great vice of the Cistercians; they were great dealers in wool, and, in fact, farmers more than monks." This may seem libellous, but we fear that it can be credibly substantiated. In the year 1423 the merchants of the staple at Calais exposed the corrupt practices of which the Abbot of St. Mary's had been guilty in the petition which they presented to the English Parliament. They showed what admitted of no dispute, that the brotherhood of Furness had so far forgotten the injunction to take no thought for their life that they used to employ their own vessels for transporting their wool to distant lands; and that owing to the abbot having first set the example of loading a vessel of two hundred tons burthen with wool in Peel Harbor, it subsequently became a retreat for those who wished to evade the payment of royal duties, as the abbot had done ever since his appointment.

The investigations of architects and of antiquaries alike have been instrumental in determining that Furness Abbey, so far as its ruinous condition has admitted of investigation and decision, possessed all those buildings which conformed to the established canons of Cistercian architecture. It had its church for devotion and its chapter house for deliberation. It had its refectory for eating and its dormitory for sleeping. It had its locutory for conversation and its cloister for exercise. It had its calefactory for warmth, its almonry for alms, its infirmary for the sick, its scriptorium for the studious. It had its novitiate for the reception of novices, a bursary for disbursements, a suite of apartments for the abbot, an hospitium for the reception of guests. Add to these the kitchens, the sculleries, the larders, the pantries, and the cellars indoors, and the ovens, the mills, the bakehouse, brewhouse, granaries, storehouses, barns, stables, orchards, gardens, and fish-ponds, and some idea may be formed of the extent of the monastic premises in the pre-Reformation era.

The church at Furness presented the appearance of a Latin cross, and was of enormous length—two hundred and seventy feet eight inches. The chancel extended sixty feet to the east, and was elevated by two steps above the rest of the church. Through a grand east window and four other apertures a flood of richly tinted light poured into the chancel, on to the high altar, which stood upon a raised platform. Hard by, in the south wall, were the sedilia, or canopied stalls, traces of which yet remain. While the cradled clouds flushed round the summer sky, the monks by tillage had made the solitary desert to blossom as the rose; and in fields ripe to the harvest, songs of reapers blended in harvest time with the music of the Irish part of that shoreless ocean which tumbles round the globe.

At the head of the community at Furness stood the abbot, who possessed absolute sway over all. His usual

style was my lord. His usual style of living was luxurious. His duties were strictly defined. To bless the novices at their first tonsure, to impose penance upon monkish offenders—to appoint, to provide, to degrade the inferior officers, such were his chief duties. Moreover, it was at his hands on every first Sunday of the Lenten season that the monks who presided over the various offices of the convent received their appointment, accompanied by a solemn admonition to acquit themselves honorably of their appointed tasks. Next to the abbot ranked the prior. The prior, who was assisted by a sub-prior, was the abbot's right hand man, and assumed the head of affairs whenever required. The third important personage was the cellarer, who superintended the gastronomical functions of the establishment. The food, the wine, the various meals, all were entrusted to his care. The "vestiary" took charge of the wardrobe; the "pitanciar" distributed the pittance; the "refectiener" managed the refectory; the "hospitaller" entertained the guests; the "infirmarer" attended the sick; the "almoner" distributed the alms; the "porter" guarded the gates; the "sacristan" looked after the chapel; the "precentor" superintended the service; the "bursar" controlled the expenditure. We have not, however, yet enumerated all the officers who found a local habitation and a name at Furness. For there were the master of the novices, the master of the carvers, the hebdomidaries, or weekly officers, and the seneschal, or steward. There were, in addition, numerous artificers for every species of manufacture which the necessities of the abbey demanded. We read of tailors, of tanners, of weavers, of cobblers, of carpenters, of smiths, of a gold embroiderer, of a master-mason. To the master-mason was committed the care of all the buildings of the abbey.

Of the inner life at Furness Abbey we catch hardly any glimpses during this eventful epoch. The monastery contained no such gossiping chronicler

as Jocelin de Brakelonda, the garrulous monk of Bury St. Edmunds, whose figure has been rendered so familiar to modern times by the author of "Past and Present." Possibly the fat, lazy brethren were unequal to composition, and even if they had been, we doubt whether they would not have resented "a chiel among them taking notes." In the centuries which preceded the Reformation, the "furor autobiographicus," which has become almost a weariness to the flesh in these days, was not so marked a characteristic of the English world of letters. Men thought more and wrote less. The fashion of composing elaborate "*mémoires pour servir*" had not been set even by sprightly France. Gastronomy took precedence of literary pursuits. The kitchen and the wine cellar were of more account in monkish eyes than the scriptorium and the library. Bacchus, we suspect, could count more devotees among the good brethren of Furness than all the nine muses put together. These failings, we are aware, have exposed the monastic orders to the poignant ironical shafts of those who sit in the seat of the scornful, but this comes of not making due allowance for the infirmities of human nature. The monks would have declared with the preacher of old time that there is really nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labor; and thus nine-tenths of them degenerated into Nimrods, Ramrods, and Fishing Rods.

The history of an ordinary day in the life of a Furness monk was something like this. At two o'clock in the morning he attended the nocturnal, that is to say, the first of the seven devotional exercises in the twenty-four hours. He was also required to attend matins or praise at six, tierce at nine, sext at twelve o'clock noon, "none" at three in the afternoon, vespers at six, and compline, or "completory"—a service so called from its completing the day's services—at seven o'clock in the evening. All meals were taken in common. Eating began so soon as the abbot

struck a single blow on the table with his hand or his knife. This signal was repeated at the close of the repast, in order that the servants might remove the dishes. Silence reigned always at meal times.

Of the dietary at Furness we possess no records. Two meals a day only were allowed, in addition to a "mixture" or composition of bread and water or wine, which is taken as a breakfast. Flesh meat was allowed only to the infirm; broth appears to have been in general use. Wine was freely allowed, but frequent potations after compline were strictly forbidden. From time to time a more than generous abbot allowed the brethren a "pittance" and grant of food, either solid or liquid, in addition to their regular fare.

Nominally, every member of the abbey, unless let by sickness or infirmity, did something. He either copied and illuminated manuscripts for the augmentation of the library in the scriptorium, or else attended to the breeding and keeping of sheep, oxen, horses, pigs, and other domestic animals. The abbey school, moreover, where the novices were received into probation, and were instructed in the "rudiments," furnished employment for monkish hands and minds. Now and then two of the number were sent to attend the local markets and fairs for the purpose of buying and selling various commodities. Then at the due season all monks were required to undergo bleedings by the monitor, bleeding being considered the remedy for most disorders. One or two of the community, it was almost certain, would be ill, and their needs in the infirmary, where they were laid on hair mattresses, were carefully attended to. Speaking was permitted only at the appointed hours in the locutory or the parlor, and even then the conversation was directed to turn only upon spiritual topics and subjects of an elevated character. Now and then we may well believe Furness furnished a brace of pilgrims bound for one of the great shrines.

So peacefully stole the years away,

until the eighth Henry resolved on the dissolution of the monasteries. The religious orders were seized with fear and trembling. Even to the secluded abbey of Furness whispers of the king's intentions found their way. It was useless to talk as many talked of gradual reformation, of the religious and moral abuses which length of years and superfluity of wealth had brought forth. The stern decree had gone forth. Blacker and blacker the clouds darkened around England. In the visitation of the Royal Commissioners, in the spoliation of the minor abbeys were seen the first bursts of the tempest. Soon followed the crash of the greater houses. The storm was not spent until every monastic establishment throughout the whole length and breadth of the country was despoiled.

Cromwell's Commissioners arrived at Furness in 1536. The monks, with Abbot Pele at their head, assembled to receive them in the Chapter House with many misgivings. Not long before, an insurrection had broken out among the inhabitants of the northern counties, which were Catholic almost to a man, and jealous for the old superstitions. The king, in his letter of instruction to the Duke of Norfolk, had expressed his opinion that the monastic orders had fomented rebellion. How far this charge was true cannot now be ascertained. There are, however, reasons for believing that the Abbot of Furness, in common with the abbots of other northern monasteries, had something to do with it, though his wariness and diplomacy removed from him any imputation of overt treasonable aims. The Earl of Sussex was not slow in concealing the low opinion which he entertained of the monks of Furness at this period, for, in writing to the king, he declared that he believed they possessed as evil hearts and minds as those of any other monastery in the kingdom.

Fully aware of all this the commissioners warned to their work. Questions of a kind never dreamt of were now put to the monks, the commissioners meantime watching their

countenances as a cat watches a mouse. No evasion, no subterfuge, no hesitation was permitted. Crimes real, crimes imputed, treasons actual, treasons contemplated—nothing was allowed to be passed over. The Holy Inquisition never put more searching questions. The catalogue of the crimes with which the monks of Furness and Salley were charged has been preserved. A ridiculous catalogue it is. One pities the time when prophecy was ranked among crimes, or when a monk was liable to have his head chopped off for daring to prognosticate that Edward VI. would be slain before he reached the throne, or for daring to whisper his opinion that the “king was not right heire to the crowne, for his father cam in by no true lyne but by the sworde.” Hard as the commissioners tried to incriminate the brethren of Furness they achieved little success, and had in the end to content themselves with committing two of the number to Lancaster Castle. Monasteries, however, had surrendered to the king in all directions. Some of the abbots were deposed, others imprisoned, others executed. The king was determined that Furness should not escape, foiled as he had been in laying any crimes, real or imaginary, at the door of Roger Pele. But Pele saw clearly enough that it was useless to hold out against this unprincipled monarch. As well might he resist an avalanche as resist bluff King Hal. At last, in 1537, Pele gave in. With his own right hand, albeit a reluctant one, in the presence of the commissioners at Whalley Abbey, whither he had been cited to appear, he appended his signature to a declaration of resignation. “It cometh freely of myself and without any enforcement,” he said, and posterity gasps as it peruses the sentence on the original instrument. Before it was translated to the king the Earl of Sussex took the liberty of adding a postscript, in which he observed that it had been obtained from “the very facile and ready mynde of the abbot.” One wonders what the abbot would have said himself had he known it.

No one had more reason to be satisfied with the result than the king, who sent three knights to take possession of the abbey. They were followed by the commissioners. In the mean time Abbot Pele had rejoined his brethren, and had doubtless bade them prepare for the worst. As soon, therefore, as the commissioners appeared at their door they assembled in full chapter, where the fatal deed of surrender, which had been prepared by Antony Fitzherbert, was submitted to them. With heavy heart and faltering hand Pele passed the quill to each of his thirty brethren in succession. The deed soon numbered its full complement of signatures. The shades of night had closed over their heads. One of the monks stole into the magnificent chapel, gazed for a time on the awful beauty of the scene, seized his extinguisher, and quenched forevermore the lamp which perpetually burnt before the altar, mysterious symbol of the presence of Him whom no man hath seen or can see, who dwelleth in temples not made with hands, in a light which no man can approach unto.

The strife of ecclesiasticism was over. The breach with the Holy See had been consummated. Furness had been added to the number of the despoiled monasteries. Pele received some compensation from the crown in the rectory of Dalton, worth little more than thirty pounds; but he had hardly been inducted before Cromwell sought to deprive him of it. Whether he succeeded is not clear. We may hope that he did not. What became of the surviving monks we cannot tell, though the fact that some of them must have survived the dissolution sixteen years, is apparent from the fact that in 1553 they were in receipt of fifteen pounds from the revenues.

The most deplorable part of our story concerns, as may be supposed, the fate of the fabric. No part of it that was likely to secure a purchaser was overlooked by the commissioners. Its lead, its bells, its ornaments, its vestments, its outbuildings, its farm stock—all were knocked down to the highest

bidder. The monks, on being ejected from their comfortable quarters, it seems, murmured loudly. They were not the people to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods. The king had graciously allowed them only forty shillings wherewith to purchase secular goods, and to carry them on their journey, whither they had resolved for the future to dwell. One hundred and twenty milk cows, formerly belonging to the abbey, were sold in the neighborhood of Furness, and the lead was melted down by the greedy crew of spoliators, who, in their anxiety to extract every particle of the metal, actually remelted the very dross. The church and steeple were not suffered to remain, but were pulled down and defaced. One thing, and one alone, is commendable in all this work of plunder, and that is, that to the applicants who clamored for grants of the abbey's belongings, the preference was given to its poor servants over those who had never had any connection with the house. The spoliation over, the task of destruction began. A few days sufficed to bring it to the forlorn condition which it has now worn more or less for three hundred rolling years, a silent witness to the influence of that faith from which has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory of the Western world.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

From *The Scottish Review*.
THE SEIZURE OF A TURKISH FLAGSHIP.

[Translated from the Greek of the k. Demetrios Bikelas by the Rev. W. Metcalfe, B.D., with the permission of the author.]

In the year 1760, about the first days of spring, the capitan pasha honored the island of Kôs with his presence. Every year the Turkish fleet used to sail in full array from the Bosphorus, thread the Hellespont, and visit the islands of the Ægean one by one to exact the poll-tax. Every year the unfortunate islanders awaited the appearance of the fleet in fear and

trembling. True, the elders had taken measures in good time to collect the amount required, and were ready to pay the tribute. But this was not enough. The pasha wished a gift on his own account; while his officers, sailors, and marines, following his excellent example, and encouraged by his non-interference, went ashore to try their fortune as well. Then woe to the Christians! Fortunate the man who was merely robbed, and got off without a blow of a yataghan or a pistol-bullet.¹

Tournefort, who paid a visit to the Ægean in 1700, was at Antiparos when the capitan pasha's fleet was sighted. We may remark in passing that the population of the island then was about seventy families, and the tax exacted amounted to twelve hundred scudi or grosia, for at that time the grosi had the value of a scudi. Such was the terror of the islanders, says Tournefort, that not so much as a towel or a handkerchief was to be seen in their houses. As soon as they saw the fleet in the distance, they fled to the hills, and hid any valuables they had in caves, or buried them in the earth. But what was the use of this? Suspecting that the inhabitants had hidden their goods, the Turks seized the chief men, and beat them until their wives brought their own treasures and their neighbors'. Often too, not content with these, they would lead away even women and children in chains. It must be confessed, adds Tournefort, that the Turkish divining-rod possesses great virtue.²

To resume, the inhabitants of Kôs having been taxed and plundered and beaten, the Turks prepared to set sail and delight the other islands with their visits. But it was Bairam and Friday, so they were in no haste. The pasha and the crews lingered on the island, praying or amusing themselves, or perhaps torturing some Christian just unearthed from his lair; while the islanders waited impatiently the much desired hour of their departure. They would return next year; but till then, at

¹ See Eton, *Survey of the Turkish Empire*, p. 177.

² Vol. I., p. 186.

least, they would not see them. Perhaps, in the mean time, pirates might visit them instead of the Turks, from Algiers or from Christian Malta, one set worse than the other. Yet perhaps they might not. In any case, Patience! Could these wretches have imagined any other kind of life? An endurable existence, a strong law, personal liberty, secure possession of the fruits of their labors—both names and ideas were alike unknown to them. The common incidents of their daily lives were raids by pashas or pirates, captivity, the lash, spoliation, sometimes the chain and benches of the galleys. When one thinks on these horrors, the wonder is that they managed to exist, and that the *Ægean* islands were not utterly depopulated. Perhaps it was because neither Turks nor pirates desired it as advantageous. As a matter of fact *Tournefort* found only three hundred inhabitants on *Patmos*, three hundred families on *Skyros*, two hundred souls only on *Sikinos*, one hundred and twenty families on *Pholegandros*. Seventy years later *Choiseul-Gouffier* found only two hundred inhabitants in *Mèlos*, and a like number on *Kimòlos*. Yet somehow men managed to exist on those happy islands, which once sent forth numerous colonies from their surplus population to every shore of the *Mediterranean*.

Prominent among the vessels which had cast anchor off *Kòs* was the flagship, a handsome eighty gun ship. The pasha, stretched perhaps on a soft carpet after his usual prayer, beheld her from the beach with gratified pride, as she lay out in the open beyond the other vessels—for so large a ship could not enter the harbor—with her full bows, and shoreward turned stern, the windows of which blazed in the light of the setting sun.

There were few Turks aboard her. The greater number were ashore with the pasha; but the few who remained were sufficient to guard the Christian portion of the crew, which consisted of seventy slave sailors.

It is hard for us to picture the life of those unhappy beings, whether chained

to the oars of the galleys, or, in more recent times, forced to serve on the sailing vessels of the Turkish fleet. Our popular poetry has preserved the echo of their moans, which resounded beneath the crimson of the crescent standard. Who does not know the most touching poem:—

Out from the East we sailing came on board a golden galley,

And five pashas we had on board, the same could sing right fairly;

And slaves we had, full comely slaves, bound fast in heavy irons.

The slave did groan, full loud he groaned, as if his heart were breaking,

Another groan went up to Heaven, still stood the noble galley.

Then heard the bey, and loud from off the quarter-deck he shouted:

"If that one of my sailors be, then be ye all accursed.

But if it be a slave who groaned; straightway I grant his freedom.

Dost hunger slave? Dost thirst my slave? My slave dost thou need raiment?"

"'Tis not for meat, 'tis not for drink, nor yet is it for raiment,

I on my mother thought and groaned, my winsome wife remembered.

Two days I was her bridegroom dear, twelve years I've rowed a galley."

"My slave, I prithee tell thy tale, and I will grant thee freedom."

"Oft have I sung my woes ere now, and never lived unfettered,

But now if freedom be the prize of telling o'er my sorrows,

Bring me the lute on which I play, my lute with strings of silver,

That I may sing and tell abroad the sorrows of my bondage.

Twelve years a prisoner have I toiled, upon the sands of *Berber*,

And walnuts nine I planted, before my prison's portal,

And of the nine have tasted fruit, yet never gained my freedom.

If thou a mother hast, or child, pasha, O, grant me freedom."

The seventy slaves on board the flagship were Greeks, Italians, French, and Maltese, some captured on the Greek coasts, others made prisoners in various engagements with Christian vessels.

Among the latter was one Simon, an Italian from the shores of the Papal States, who had been captured some years previously on board a vessel flying the flag of the Prince of Monaco, a flag to which now belongs the unenviable reputation of protecting the last national gaming saloon in Europe.

This Simon had conceived the daring plan of not merely gaining liberty for himself and his companions, but also of seizing the frightful vessel on which they dragged about their fetters. How long he had brooded over this scheme, how he had succeeded in inspiring courage in his fellow captives, or what preparations he had made for carrying out his plans, all this, in default of particulars, must be left to the reader's imagination.

The Turks on board the ship were resting unapprehensive on this Friday of Bairaam, when suddenly, the seventy conspirators rushed upon them, forced them to take refuge in the poop, shut them below deck, and cutting chains and cables adrift, spread sail to a favorable wind.

From the beach the pasha gazed thunderstruck, unable to make out what was going on. Shouts were heard on the island, commands, threats, curses. Boats were got ready. The Turks dispersed over the island were summoned by drum, by shots, the vessels in the harbor weighed anchor, sails were unfurled, agitation and tumult and confusion reigned everywhere.

All this time the Turks shut up in the flagship had not remained with folded hands. If they could disable the rudder, the mutineers' scheme might fail. The vessel would become unmanageable, and be hindered. The pasha would recapture her and free them from capture, from bondage, from death. So to disable the rudder.

They managed to succeed.

But Simon was not easily daunted. Having become masters of the arm-chest, the Christians were now well armed; and desperation, and the prospect of freedom had increased their forces ten-fold. While the flagship was being sailed rudderless, Simon went

below at the head of a party of his crew. Their axes broke down the doors and partitions behind which the Turks had taken refuge. The struggle in the darkness was fearful. On either side the battle was for liberty or death. Five of Simon's men were killed. Of the Turks, some were slain, others, chased out into the ship, succeeded in jumping overboard through the port-holes, while the majority were taken and put into the hold in irons. The prudent Simon spared their lives, not from pity, but to hold them as hostages against the hour of defeat, or to show as living evidence of his triumph in the event of his reaching a Christian port in safety.

All this happened in the twinkling of an eye. The rudder was repaired, and the flagship proceeded on her course, though without the crescent at her masthead.

Meanwhile a Ragusan ship had entered the harbor of Kôs in full sail. The pasha, biting his fingers, and beside himself with rage at the slowness of his men in the harbor, saw the approach of the stranger ship with joy. Attended by a crowd of armed men, he surrounded the Ragusan with his boats before she cast anchor, boarded her, and turned her prow in the direction of the retreating flagship, whose progress had been checked by the scuffle between decks, and the repairs to her rudder.

The Ragusan vessel bounded over the waves. She carried few guns; but hundreds of Turks were on board, breathing out threatenings, and if once she were brought alongside the flagship, how could five and sixty of a crew resist their onset? But when the vessels were near each other, Simon called out in a voice of thunder, "Keep off, or I burn the flagship and you."

The pasha bethought himself. He knew that Simon's words were not idle threats. He ordered the vessel's course to be altered. Could he have foreseen his fate, he would probably have preferred to die amid the flames and explosions. Perhaps he recalled just then what one of the sultans had said, "God has given the dry land to the

Faithful, but the sea he has left to the unbelievers." However, he returned in shame to the port of Kôs, while Simon sailed on to Malta.

When the Maltese saw a man-of-war of such size, Turkish-rigged, making for the harbor, they were astounded. The cannon on the ramparts were levelled at her, their galleys put out from the harbor in readiness to attack, and the whole military force of the island was set in motion. But when it was known that instead of a Turkish crew, the vessel carried Turkish prisoners, unrestrained delight took the place of their former alarm. Simon and his companions were conducted in triumph to church, and tears of joy rolled down those sun-burned cheeks.

The news of this unexpected occurrence aroused very different feelings at Constantinople. Sultan Mustapha ordered the capitan pasha to be beheaded at once, that the punishment of his carelessness might serve as a warning to others. At the same time the Porte made bitter representations about the asylum given to the stolen vessel. The Vizier Rageb sent special representations to the French ambassador of the day, seeking the restoration of the ship through the intervention of France. Failing this, he threatened to re-take her by force of arms. The government of the then all-powerful Louis XV. compelled the Knights of S. John to accede to the Porte's demands. So, early in the year 1761, the captured ship entered the Bosphorus flying the French colors, and convoyed by a French frigate, the *Oiseau*. The vessel fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and when that had been answered, the French colors were hauled down, the Ottoman hoisted, and she cast anchor below the walls of the seraglio. Her loss a year previously had so disturbed the people of Constantinople, that her return was hailed as a victory, and publicly celebrated.

These facts are related by the French writer Chénier,¹ who, it is well known,

¹ *Révolutions de l'Empire Ottoman*, par M. de Chénier. Paris, 1789.

married a Greek lady of Constantinople, and became the father of two well-known poets, André in particular, an ornament to French literature. But Athanasios Komménos Ypsilantès, chief surgeon to the above-mentioned Vizier Rageb Mohamet—"his most noble master," as he calls him—says nothing about this affair in his history under the years 1760 and 1761. However, another French traveller Sonnini,² who made a tour in the East by order of the unfortunate Louis XVIII., in 1777, or fifteen years after Simon's successful venture, not only corroborates M. de Chénier, but was personally acquainted with Simon. But he does not call him so. He suppresses the name that he bore, and refers to him as Captain G—. He met him at Kimólos, which was then, and had been for a century, the haunt of the Christian pirates, or corsairs, as they were more politely termed. There, they usually spent the winter in riot and revelry. Dissipating the profits of their booty, they spent much money in the island; but as Choiseul Gouffier remarks, the natives probably earned it at the cost of much oppression. The money came in to pay the Ottoman tribute when the fleet under the capitan pasha came after the pirates had taken their departure for a season.

We should observe that no stigma was then attached to the calling of pirate. On the contrary, those engaged in it, according to Tournefort, were men of high reputation, and noted valor. He adduces the names of several Frenchmen of noble birth who were distinguished pirates. The reminiscences and traditions of that time current in the Ægean, serve to explain the spread of piracy in those seas during the Revolution. The islanders, following the example of those noble Frenchmen, sinned by anachronism, assuming fashions out of date by a century.

Such was the calling followed by our friend Simon, or Captain G—, when Sonnini met him at Kimólos in command of a light but well armed ship.

² *Tà metá tήν 'Αλωσιν*. Constantinople, 1870.

He describes him as a man full of daring, coolness, and remarkable firmness.

"The Greeks," he said, "tremble before him as before the commanders of the Turkish vessels, for the oppression of either party is equally bad. That of the Maltese is not so fierce and inhuman as the Turks, but is more to be feared as calm, cool, and measured. At Kimólos, I saw the ruins of a house demolished by him, which none dared rebuild. This was his reason—pitiable indeed is the lot of the Greeks who inhabit the little islands of the Ægean. No one pays any attention to them, except for purposes of robbery and oppression. If a Turkish vessel, even a small galley, puts in anywhere, its captain at once becomes unquestioned despot of the island. The rulers make haste to kiss his hand, and place themselves at his command. He controls everything, demands provisions and whatever he wants, is self-appointed judge, from whom there is no appeal, decides cases, imposes fines, and insists on their payment forthwith, distributes the bastinado on the feet right and left; in a word, his presence causes fear and trembling. At last the Turk sails away, then comes a pirate vessel from Malta. Almost the same scenes of violence and arbitrary power are repeated, the same slavish obeisances, the same bribes, the same exactions, the same exercise of the right of the stronger, the same degradation of the weak, the same and worse oppression.

"Among the services exacted from the inhabitants, when either Turks or Maltese cast anchor at any port, is that of watching from the higher points of the island, so as to sight any ships at sea when still far out, and give the strangers timely warning of approaching danger. When Captain G. arrived he gave the usual order for a watch to be set at various towers built on the heights of Kimólos for this very purpose. But on his departure, he saw a strange vessel approaching unexpectedly. The carelessness of the sentinel was cruelly punished by the

utter demolition of his home. After many years had passed, I saw what was once the dwelling of a numerous family become a harbor for thorns and creeping things.

"Soon after, I myself was an eye-witness of a similar scene. G. and ten of his crew landed at Kimólos, and while his sailors scattered over the island, and plundered the inhabitants, he breakfasted at the French consul's house, where I was a guest at the time. Suddenly his men came to him out of breath, with the news that a vessel, hostile, to all appearance, is sailing towards Kimólos. G. was in no way disconcerted, but ordered them to bring the chief man of the island. He came to him, and G. asked him who was stationed on such and such a tower. The chief told the man's name. G. with the manner of one used to impose immediate and unquestioning obedience, gave orders for him to be seized without delay and brought into his presence. And then only, he rose from the table and said to the sailors, 'Forward, my men, let us prepare to fight and beat those infidel dogs, the Turks.' Meanwhile it had been ascertained that the ship was not Turkish but Ragusan. Notwithstanding, he remained, intending to take dire vengeance on the Kimólian. After many entreaties the consul and I succeeded in appeasing him, and in saving the luckless islander from his fate.

"Some days afterwards, G. captured a carvel on a voyage from Alexandria, containing a rich cargo, the yearly tribute sent from Egypt to the sultan. By such a haul he was delivered once for all from the life of a pirate. But I doubt if the G. who full of years and scars, was possessed of a competency at Malta, was the man to lead a peaceful life, or to redeem a youth spent in robbery and violence by an old age of good works."

So far Sonnini, I wonder if any tradition respecting Simon is still preserved in Kimólos?

DEMETRIOS BIKELAS.

From *The Saturday Review*.
THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERY.

A very singular scientific discovery has just been made by Professor Roentgen of Wuerzburg. It depends on the transparency of materials to those kinds of radiation which are invisible to our eyes. For long it has been known, and it was a favorite point in the lectures of the late Professor Tyn-dall, that the invisible waves of heat which are stopped by metals can penetrate through rock-salt; and that the equally invisible actinic (or photographic) waves can penetrate through quartz, but are largely stopped by glass. Then Abney discovered means of photographing the heat-waves, and succeeded in photographing, by its own invisible radiations in a dark room, a kettle full of boiling water. Later it was found that an opaque screen of the hard black india-rubber known as ebonite is transparent to heat-waves. Some seven years ago, by the researches of Hertz and of Lodge, it became known that electric waves, though arrested by metallic screens, can pass readily through walls of stone, brick, or wood, or through the human body. Meantime, discovery had advanced in another direction. In Crookes's classical researches on electric discharges in high vacua, he discovered that in the extremely attenuated gaseous residues in the tubes which he employed, the discharges from the negative pole or kathode can cast shadows on the walls of the enclosing tube. These kathodic rays have been investigated by many experimenters, including Goldstein, Wiedemann, and Lenard. They were found to be curiously active in exciting phosphorescence, and to travel quite differently from ordinary rays of light. The lamented Professor Hertz added to these discoveries the observation that these kathode rays, though incapable of passing through glass, would pass through thin sheets of metal which would be quite opaque to ordinary light. And now Roentgen has put a crowning touch to these facts by the remarkable discovery which has excited the Vien-

nese press. He has succeeded in finding a means of photographing an object of metal, though it may be all the while shut up in a wooden case. A special source of light (a Crookes's tube stimulated by electric discharges) is placed behind, and the camera, or rather the sensitive sheet, in front, of the wooden box. These special radiations pass through the box more readily than if it were of glass, but cast a photographic shadow of whatever metal object may be in the interior. This is scarcely photography, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather the photographic registration of shadows. Glass lenses cannot be used to concentrate these rays: hence they cannot be employed to form images. If the sheet of sensitized paper is in turn shut up in a wooden box, and an object of metal is placed in front, its shadow, as cast by the radiations from the Crookes tube, is imprinted on the paper. No "exposure" (as the photographer understands it) is necessary. Indeed, the sheet of paper might be shut up in one box, and the metallic object in another, and yet the photograph might be taken. In the same way Professor Roentgen is able to photograph a man's skeleton through the skin, flesh, and clothes, which for this purpose are photographically transparent, while the bones are opaque like the metals. Placing his own outspread hand outside the closed box containing the sensitized sheet, he obtained a print of the finger-bones and of the rings on the fingers. Whatever, then, the new kind of light may be that produces these effects, it differs both from ordinary light and from the ordinary photographic rays, as well as from the visible kathodic rays discovered by Crookes; for the latter pass through metal, but are stopped by non-metallic substances. Professor Boltzmann, whose authority in physical optics stands undisputed, regards the discovery as of the utmost importance from the scientific standpoint; for it reveals the existence of phenomena not explained in any of the accepted theories of light or of elec-

tricity. For the multitude the discovery is no less wonderful; it adds one more to the marvels of science. To photograph in total darkness seems inexplicable; but that we should be able to photograph through walls of wood, or through solid and opaque bodies, is little short of a miracle. We shall now be able to realize Dickens's

fancy when he made Scrooge perceive through Marley's body the two brass buttons on the back of his coat. We shall now be able to discover photographically the position of a bullet in a man's body. Even stone walls will not a prison make to the revelations of the camera.

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

An Adventure with the Camera.—The picture of the Solan goose was obtained about four o'clock in the morning on Ailsa Craig, and so early in the season that the birds had not settled down seriously to business of incubation, and is of especial value and interest to us on account of the adventures we encountered on that "beetling crag." In getting down to the edge of the cliff, my brother placed too much dependence upon the stability of a large slab of rock, which treacherously commenced to slither down the terribly steep hillside at a great pace directly it received his additional weight. He narrowly managed to save himself and the camera, with which he was encumbered at the time, from being shot over the lip of the precipice, and sustaining a fall of several hundred feet into the sea below. We took five photographs of the gannet sitting on her nest, each at closer range, and although she was ill at ease while all this was going on, by working deftly we established ourselves somewhat in her confidence and got close enough to obtain the picture forming the frontispiece of this work. When everything was ready, as if by the malicious intervention of some unkind fate, the screw affixing the camera to the tripod suddenly dropped out, and the apparatus toppled over seawards. It was well on its way to what the Americans describe as "everlasting smash" when my brother, by a dexterous catch, stopped it from striking a piece of rock, off which it would have rebounded and finally disappeared over the cliff. By the aid of some strong feather shafts (the only materials available) we managed to fix up, after a fashion, our apparatus again, and whilst the artist held the camera on to the tripod, and the author,

from a more secure footing, held the artist by the coat-tails on to the Craig, the picture was obtained, which I venture to think, amply rewards us for our trouble. The members of an eminent northern natural history society visited the Craig about a fortnight afterwards for the same purpose, and from the insurmountable character of the difficulties which presented themselves, had to return empty-handed. Nobody who has essayed the same task will much blame them.

"British Birds' Nests," by R. Kearton (Cassell & Co.).

A Danger of the Manchester Canal.—Something like a panic has, it is said, arisen on the Liverpool Exchange, owing to the death of one well-known merchant and the serious illness of several others. All were members of a party who accepted an invitation of the Manchester Cotton Brokers' Association to travel from Liverpool to Manchester by the Ship Canal on September 21. During the journey complaints were made as to the foul smell arising from the canal when its waters were stirred up by the steamboat. So distasteful was this to some members of the party that they left the boat at the first stopping place, and returned to Manchester. It is confidently asserted that the illness of several members of the party and the death of one are to be attributed to infection contracted from the waters of the canal during the picnic. This theory appears hardly to have been proved, but it is not disputed that a considerable quantity of sewage finds its way into the canal.

British Medical Journal.

